

SCREAM WITH LAUGHTER AT THOSE WACKS
SENOR BANANA AND THE APPLEJACKS!

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STEEL STERLING

The Little Men Who Weren't There!

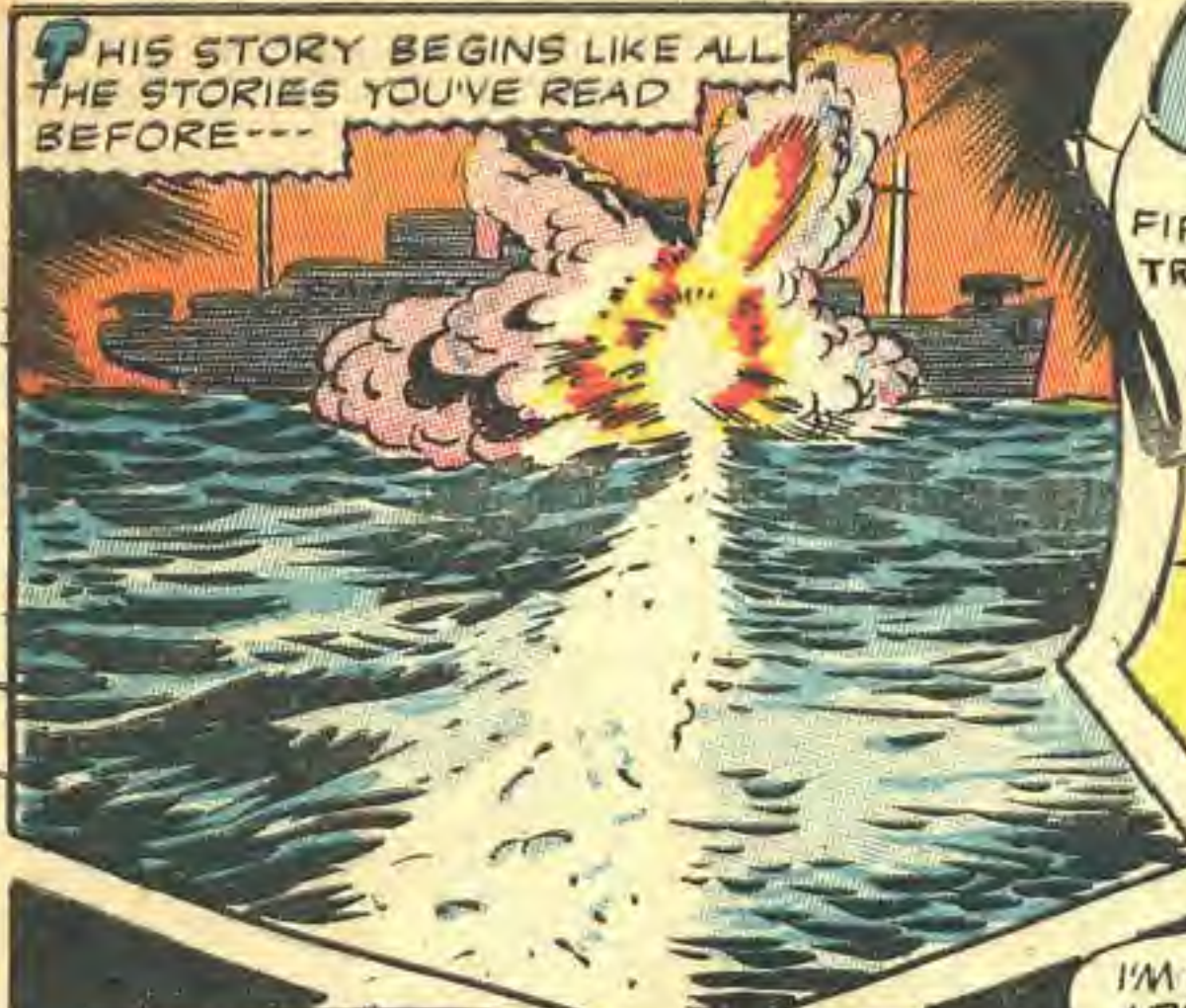
EVERYBODY HAS HEARD OF THE GREMLINS, THE LITTLE GUYS YOU CAN'T SEE AND WHO CAUSE SO MUCH TROUBLE! BUT HOW MANY OF YOU KNOW ABOUT THE YEHUDIS? TWICE AS TOUGH! TEN TIMES AS TROUBLESOME! AND A THOUSAND TIMES HARDER TO GET AT! WHAT! YOU DON'T BELIEVE US? ALL RIGHT, THEN COME ALONG WITH STEEL STERLING, HE DIDN'T BELIEVE EITHER, UNTIL ----

I'M
JOSHUA WALTON -
THE KEEPER OF THE
YEHUDIS --- HEH, HEH, --



IRV NOVICK

THIS STORY BEGINS LIKE ALL THE STORIES YOU'VE READ BEFORE---



FIFTH ALLIED
TRANSPORT SUNK



YOU'VE GOT WHAT YOU WANTED, LOONEY! YOU'RE GOING BACK OVERSEAS! YOU'VE BEEN HOWLING FOR IT SINCE YOU RETURNED TO THE STATES!

YEAH!... I'M JUST ITCHIN' TO GET BACK AT THOSE VERMIN! JUST GATHER TOGETHER A FEW OF MY PERSONAL BELONGINGS!

I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU, LOONEY! THOSE NAZI SUBS HAVE BEEN TAKING A TERRIBLE TOLL OF OUR TROOP-SHIPS, LATELY!

YEAH! BUT WE'VE GOT 'EM FOOLED THIS TIME! WE'VE CHANGED OUR SHIPPING ROUTE! IT'S SO SECRET EVEN I DON'T KNOW THE NEW ROUTE!



SO LONG, LOONEY! I WISH I WAS GOING WITH YOU!

THERE'S PLENTY OF WORK FOR YOU RIGHT HERE! I'LL BRING YOU BACK A COUPLE OF MEDALS!

HE'S GONE! I'M STARTING TO MISS THE POOR GOOF ALREADY! FUNNY HOW PEOPLE START TO GROW ON YOU--I'D BETTER TAKE A WALK AND FORGET ABOUT IT!



THAT MUST BE QUITE A JOB! TELL ME WHAT DO THESE YEHUDIS DO!

THEY, SIR, ARE A SOURCE OF LIVELIHOOD! THEY KNOW EVERYTHING! JUST ASK THEM SOMETHING AND SEE!

I CAN'T THINK OF ANY QUESTIONS!

THEN I'LL ASK ONE! WHAT'S THE NEW SHIPPING ROUTE FOR TRANSPORTS?

YOU SEE? GOOD DAY TO YOU, SIR!

JUST A MINUTE!

HOW'D HE KNOW THAT? WHAT DID HE MEAN BY EVERYBODY ASKS THE SAME QUESTIONS?

EVERYBODY ASKS THE SAME G#?!?G# THINGS! LATITUDE 41 LONGITUDE 13! PASSES GREENLAND TO PICK UP FIGHTER PROTECTION!

THE YEHUDIS KNOW EVERYTHING! PROBABLY THE GENTLEMEN WHO HIRE THEM ASK THE SAME QUESTIONS! THAT'S ALL I KNOW!

THIS SOUNDS AUTHENTIC! I'LL CHECK ONCE MORE TO MAKE SURE! LOONEY SAILED ON THE S.S. MARIUPOL! BUT HARDLY ANYONE KNOWS THE NAME OF THE SHIP!

DID A TROOP-SHIP SAIL FROM HERE THIS MORNING?

I'M OVER HERE, YOU DOPE!

BUT I'LL ANSWER YOUR QUESTION! THE S.S. MARIUPOL SAILED THIS MORNING AT PRECISELY 8:03! THAT'S THE SECOND TIME I'VE HAD TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION!



THAT SETTLES IT! YOU'VE BEEN PEDDLING INFORMATION ON OUR SHIPS! THAT'S WHY THOSE NAZIS HAVE BEEN RAISING HAVOC!

BUT-BUT I DIDN'T TELL THEM! I SWEAR IT! THE YEHUDIS DID!



ALL RIGHT, THEN SHOW ME WHO YOUR YEHUDIS TOLD IT TO-AND I'LL BELIEVE YOU!

WHY, THAT'S EASY, I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE YOU CAN FIND THEM--- STAY HERE, YEHUDIS! BE GOOD BOYS TILL I GET BACK!



ALL RIGHT, CRACKPOT START DIRECT-ING!

YOU STILL THINK I'M CRAZY, EH? YOU'LL SOON SEE!



THERE THEY ARE!

VAS IST?



THIS IS.... ROACH! AN OLD AMERICAN CUSTOM---



-- GF GETTING RID OF VERMIN BEFORE THEY SPREAD A CONTAGIOUS DISEASE---



LIKE FASCISM!

ALL DOWN--ONE TO GO!

NOW YOU CAN TALK WITH OR WITHOUT TEETH! DID YOU SEND OUT THE SAILING DATE OF THE S.S. MARIUPOL?

Y--YES! BUT IT IS TOO LATE FOR YOU TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!



I'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT-- O'SHEA HOW'D YOU KNOW TO COME HERE?

BY THE LORD HARRY! WITH ALL THE RUMPUS IT'S A WONDER THE FIRE DEPARTMENT ISN'T HERE TOO!

A NAZI NEST, EH? HOW'D YOU GET ON TO 'EM, STEEL!

IF I TOLD, YOU, YOU'D THINK I WAS GOOFY-- AND BESIDES I HAVEN'T GOT THE TIME!



COME ON! WE'VE GOT
A DATE WITH THOSE
YEHUDIS!

BE CAREFUL! THEY'RE
MY MOST PRICE-
LESS POSSESSION!
I COULDN'T BEAR
TO HAVE ANY-
THING HAPPEN
TO THEM!

ALL
ABOARD!
WE'RE GO-
ING FOR A
RIDE!

BOY!
THIS
OUGHTA
BE FUN!

NOW I WANT
YOU TO BE NICE
BOYS WHEN YOU
GO WITH MR.
STERLING!

NOW REMEMBER
TAKE GOOD
CARE OF
THEM!

DON'T
WORRY!

IMAGINE
REALLY FLY-
ING! IT'S THE
MOST AMAZ-
ING THING I'VE
HEARD OF!

AMAZING!
HMM--I
SUPPOSE
THEY
THINK THEY'RE
PERFECTLY
ORDINARY
PEOPLE!

FAR
OVER THE
ATLANTIC
RANGES
STEEL
STERLING
WITH HIS
STRANGE
PASSEN-
GERS!

THAT'S
WHERE
YOU'LL
FIND
THE
MARIUPOL!

GO TWENTY FIVE
MILES AND TURN TO THE
RIGHT!

AT THIS
MOMENT--

YIPPEEE!
WE'RE OFF!

AMERICAN TRANS-
PORT DEAD AHEAD!
LEVEL OFF FOR
ATTACK!



DEY ARE
ABANDONING DER
SHIP! SURFACE!
VE VILL SHELL
DER LIFE BOATS!



WE GOT HERE TOO LATE -
BUT NOT TOO LATE TO PREVENT
THOSE NAZI RATS FROM SHELL-
ING THOSE LIFE BOATS!



HIMMEL!
VASS ISS?
SHUT DER
HATCH UND GET
BELOW QVICK!




TOO LATE,
HEINIE!







WHAT TH---! WE'RE STILL DIVING!




THIS SUB WILL GO STRAIGHT TO THE BOTTOM! WHERE ARE THE YEHUDIS!




GOSH! I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR THEM! AND I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND THEM! THEY'RE INVISIBLE



TOO LATE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE MYSELF!



WELL, I SAVED THE LIVES OF THOSE SAILORS!--- BUT I HATE TO THINK OF WHAT JOSHUA WALTON WILL SAY WHEN I COME BACK WITHOUT THE YEHUDIS!




MEANWHILE JOSHUA WALTON HAS BEEN WAITING FOR STEEL STERLING TO RETURN---



BRACE YOURSELF FOR SOME BAD NEWS WALTON!

YOU--- YOU MEAN--



HERE HE COMES! BUT-- BUT HE HASN'T GOT MY YEHUDIS!

SO THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED! THEY PROBABLY DROWNED I WAS THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER SAW THEM! NOW I'LL NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN!



POOR FELLOW! HE WAS REALLY FOND OF HIS YEHUDIS! I GUESS HE'S PUNISHED ENOUGH FOR THE HARM HE DID!



NOW TO GET BACK TO THE APARTMENT!

I KNOW HOW HE FEELS! I'D HAVE FELT THE SAME WAY IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO LOONEY! ---ANYWAY LOONEY IS SAFE NOW--- AND HE'LL GET HIS CHANCE TO SEE ACTION AFTER ALL!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU SAILED ON THE MARIUPOL!

AW, THEY CHANGED MY ORDERS AT THE LAST MINUTE! I'M GONNABE STUCK HERE FOR THE DURATION!

WELL, I'LL BE A-A---YEHUDI!

WHO'S YEHUDI?

HI, STEEL!

LOONEY!



the SLAP HAPPY APPLE JACKS



OUR STORY
OPENS ON A
TENDER SCENE!
SLAPPY AND
HAPPY APPLE-
JACK ARE BE-
ING LED TO
THE ALTAR BY
MAW MEASLES
TO MARRY THE
MEASLES TWINS!





AH DUNNO WHO
THREW THET ROCK,
BUT RUN FO' YO'
LIFE, SLAPPY!



SUDDENLY---

TRAPPED!



THET HUSBAND
TRAP SHO' DO
COME IN HANDY,
PAW!

YUP, MAW--AN' IT
SHO' SAVES ALOT
O' BUCKSHOT!

?



NOW YO' KIN BE LIVE HUSBANDS,
OR DEAD BATCHY-LERS!
TAKE YO' CHOICE!

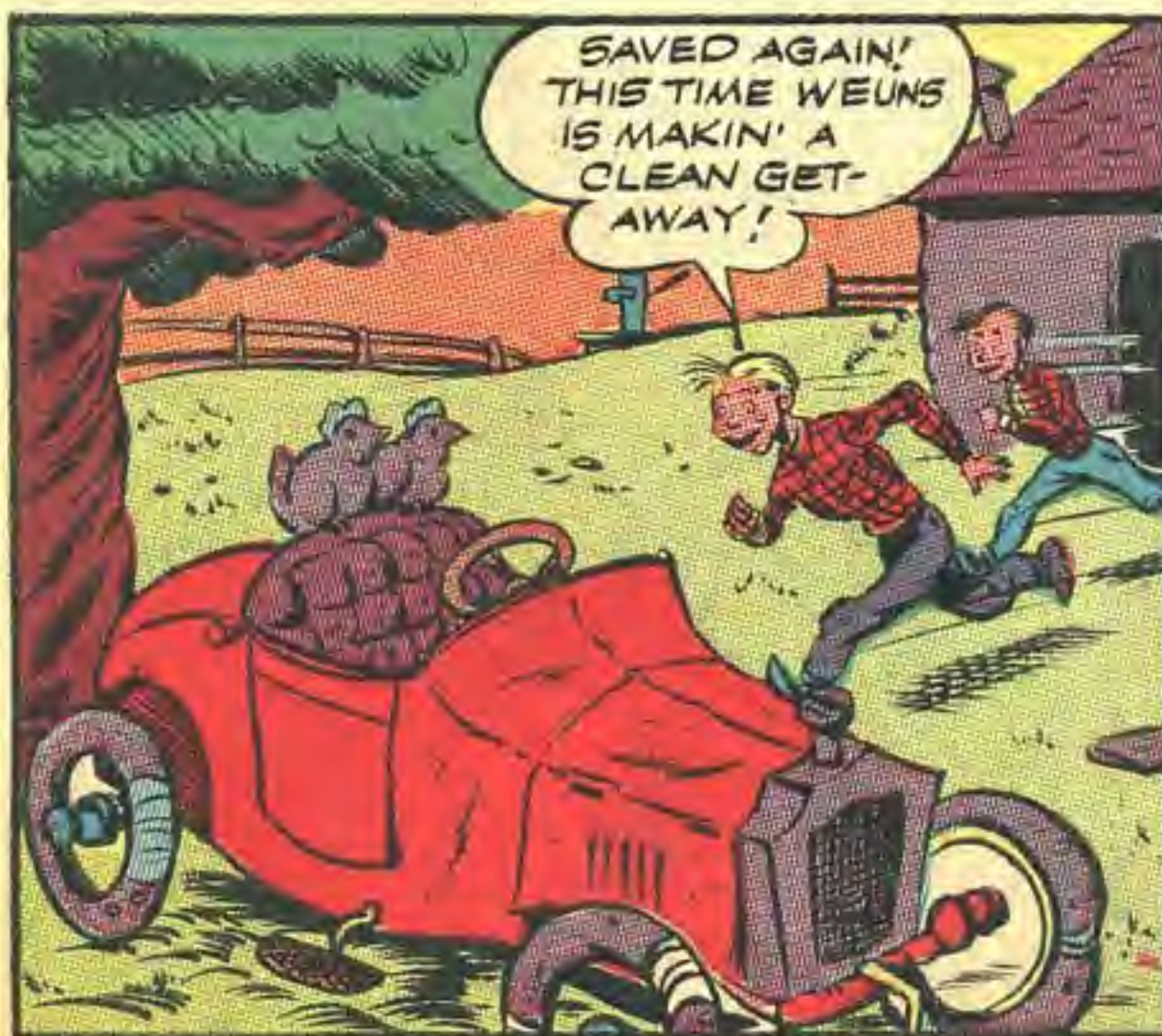


AH GOTTA REE-VIVE
WEDLOCK WILL
BEFO' THOSE
APPLEJACKS
FIGGERS IT'D
BE BETTAH
TO BE DEAD
BATCHY-LERS!



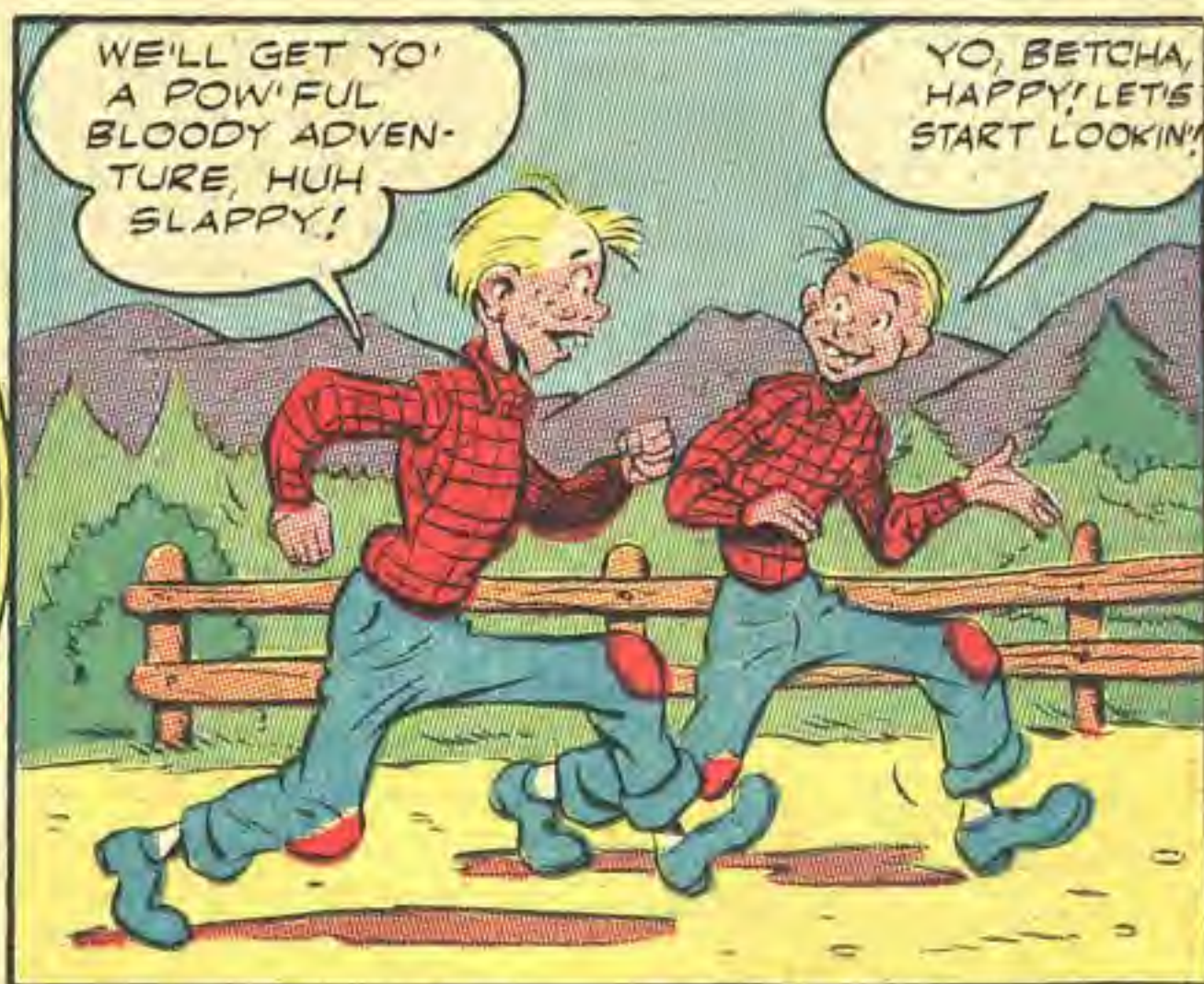
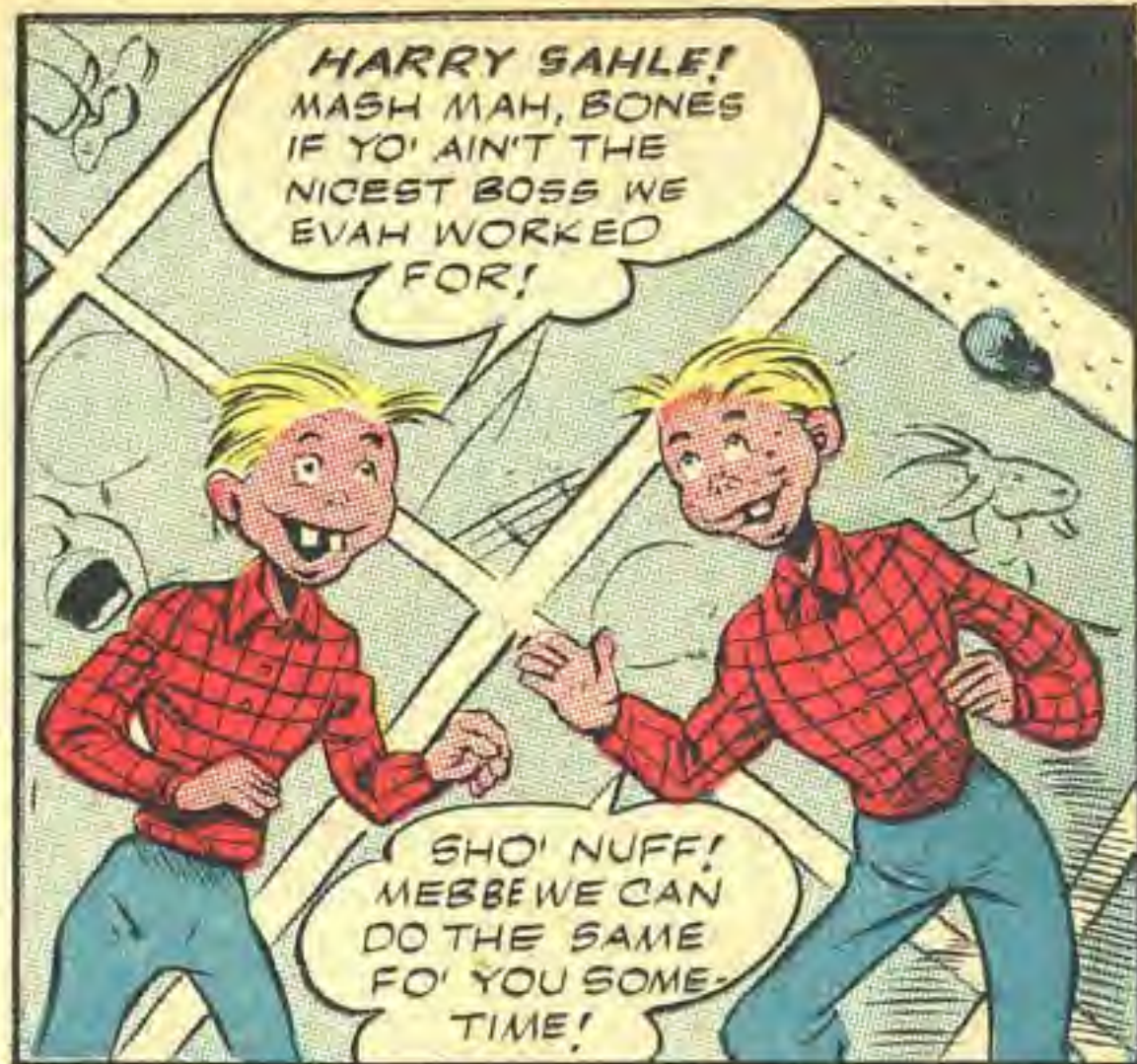
AH'LL JUS' GIVE
HIM SOME WATAH!

WATAH! AH
NEVAH REE-VIVES
ON NOTHIN' BUT
CAWN LIKKER!









LAST LAUGH

*wherein a smart crook meets
his betters*

SKEETS SAMPSON walked into Mac's Diner, according to plan, and sat down at the left. It was ten to midnight and the diner was empty.

Suddenly the swinging doors, behind the center of the counter, flapped open. A small, blond man, with white coat and apron, came in.

"What'll yuh have?"

"Bacon an' eggs," ordered Skeets.

He pulled his black fedora over his eyes and kept his head lowered. The next moment stars burst in his head. The right hand of the counterman, encased in brass knuckles, had crashed against his chin.

When he had regained consciousness, ten minutes later, he was lying on the kitchen floor.

A groan from the left attracted his attention. A white-capparisoned man was seated in a chair, bound and gagged. Skeets released him.

"Thanks, pal," said the fellow. "Did that mug get you too?"

"He didn't miss," snapped Skeets. "But he overlooked two fifties in my watch pocket. All he got was eight singles, even. Say, what is it all about?"

"Must be the same guy who slugged me. He come in here about twenty minutes before you. Ordered ham an' eggs. Next thing I knew I was smacked on the conk. Lucky I had only a few bucks in the till."

"I thought Valley Center was a nice, quiet town. Or is this the tough neighborhood?"

"It aint the neighborhood," said the other. "It's the tough eggs that come in it. This is the second time I been tapped off in two weeks. I'm gettin' scared. My health ain't so good. I should be in Arizona. If I could find a buyer I would sell this jernt at a terrible sacrifice."

"Who's Mac?" asked Skeets.

"Me. I'm Mac. And I got this trap all paid up last month. Costs me a even grand. I'd sell out for half, if I could find some guy I could trust to send me the payments."

Skeets Sampson did some quick thinking. Perhaps he could make a deal with this sap, pay a little down and, when the chump got out in Arizona, he'd keep stalling him off for the other payments. Meantime, some other sucker would drop in and buy the joint from Skeets. Swell setup!

"Live here in Valley Center?" asked Mac.

"Nope," said Skeets. "I'm headed for California."

"What's your line?"

"Oh, a little of everything. Last job I had was bouncer in a New York night club."

"Ever work in a greaseteria, like this?"

"Sure; twice. But it ain't no profit working for the other guy. If you have your own joint, okay."

"How'd you like to take this one over?" asked Mac.

"That ain't the question," said Skeets. "I'd like it swell, but I ain't got the dough to take it over."

"How much can you lay down on the line?" went on Mac.

"All I have is two fifties, one hundred berries."

Mac scratched his head and did some figuring on a paper napkin.

"Tell you what I'll do," said Mac. "I'll turn the joint over to you for one hundred down, and you can easily send me fifty a month, until the whole five hundred is paid. That, so help me, is half price. I got a nice trade and all you gotta do is shove them some service."

"I'll go you," said Skeets. "Scribble me out a bill of sale."

Mac found a sheet of paper and wrote out a crude legal document.

"This just says that you paid me one hundred bucks," explained Mac. "And that you agree to pay fifty a month for the next eight months. Brother, you got a bargain!"

"I need one," said Skeets. But in the back of his mind he knew there would be no more payments. He'd hook some passing sucker for at least \$500, cash, then head for California.

"The milkman comes around at four," said Mac. "Get ten milk and five cream. Bread and

cake guy lands at four-thirty. Get fifteen white and about five rye, one whole wheat. The meat feller comes about five. This town loves hamburgers. Get fifteen pounds. I buy vegetables from three or four different fellers. Use your own judgement on that."

Mac put on his hat and coat.

"Well, so long and good luck," he said. "I think I'll be pulling out at daylight on the bus. It's gonna be Arizona or bust!"

"Drop me a line as soon as you get settled," said Skeets.

"Okay," said Mac and walked out.

Skeets began to examine his bargain. Swell! How could he lose? No one knew him in Valley Center. And if nobody bought the joint from him he could always stall off the payments until Mac came rushing back from Arizona to yell for his dough. A great relief permeated the spirit of Skeets Sampson. He'd no longer have to dodge the cops. His last diner hold-up had been pulled three states to the east. Here in Valley Center he would be considered a respected and honorable citizen and businessman. Boy, what a feeling!

He opened the refrigerator and found some ham and baloney. About two pounds of butter was on the lower shelf. The joint, thought Skeets, was not overstocked. He'd have to order a load of things. He cut himself a fat slice of ham, placed it between two pieces of rye bread, and began to eat.

It was after 6 a. m. when the first customer arrived. At least, Skeets mistook him for a patron. He was a small ruddy-faced man, with several freckles on his pudgy nose.

"Where's Sweeney?" asked the caller.

"Who's Sweeney?" demanded Skeets.

Before replying the stranger squinted at Skeets suspiciously.

"Sweeney," he said, "is the man who bought this place from me two months ago. He paid me fifty dollars, down, and he was to pay fifty a month until one thousand dollars was paid. But he ain't made no second payment, yet."

"You mean Mac, not Sweeney!" snapped Skeets.

"Mac—hell!" snorted the little fellow. "I'm Mac!"

Skeets' brain began to buzz. So he was the sucker, after all!

"Say, what is this?" yelled Skeets. "It looks like the old runaround! I just bought this joint from the guy who says he was Mac!"

"Really!" sniffed the little lad. "How do I know that you and Sweeney ain't working together? Nobody ain't never took me for a chump. I think I just better call the cops and have you looked over. Run-around, hey? I think I'm the one who's getting the run-around!"

The mere mention of cops made the blood of Skeets freeze. He had been caught once. His very first job, and his fingerprints were in the tender care of the FBI.

"Well," said Skeets, "where do I stand on this phony deal? I paid that mug one hundred dollars, real dough!"

"Can I help it if you need a keeper? Anyway, I still think you and that guy are working together to gyp me out of my restaurant!"

"Okay, okay," said Skeets. "If it's your jernt, it's your jernt. But listen, I ain't got a dime. Honest, I can't even get out of town!"

For a long moment Mac looked thoughtful.

"Well," he said finally, "I have decided to give you a break. If you promise to beat it out of town right away I'll stake you to ten bucks."

Just then the Chicago-Los Angeles bus stopped across the street.

"For seventy-fifty," went on

Mac, "that bus will take you to California. Going or staying?"

"Going!" said Skeets. "Gimme the ten."

He grabbed his hat and coat and walked to the door.

"Well, s'long," Skeets said.

"S'long," echoed Mac. "Don't forget to keep your nose clean!"

Skeets boarded the bus and took a middle seat. "Boy," he mused, "am I a prize sap!"

One hour later, two gentlemen sat in the kitchen of Mac's Diner. In the right hand of the freckled-nose bird were nine ten-dollar bills.

"There's ten for you," said he, "and there's ten for me. There's ten for me and—(say, next time don't soak a guy so hard, that simp was almost gone)—and there's ten for you—"

Quietly the kitchen door, directly in back of the two men, opened slowly. Quietly, also, the buxom figure of Sheriff Josiah Jonesby tiptoed in. As he reached the table, his two large and chubby hands streaked out like a pair of serpent's tongues and grabbed the ninety dollars.

"Now, gents," began Sheriff Jonesby, "I'll just take this as part payment on your past-due notes and also in the name of the law and John Patrick MacKilligan, the original Mac. More, since your record ain't so bright I have also been requested to take this place over at once and likewise immediately."

"What —" began freckle-nose.

"Say—" mumbled the other.

"Furthermore and to wit," went on the sheriff, without noticing the interruption, "I would suggest that you take the next bus out of Valley Center. Going or staying?"

The two gentlemen exchanged knowing glances across the table.

"Going!" they said, as one man.

Ginger



My Dear Ginger Snapp.
We and my band accept
with pleasure your invitation
to play at your freshman prom.
Your fee is okay too, especially
since I can stay with your
family, and won't have to
foot any hotel bills.
Terrifically yours
Andy Clive
and his
JIVE FIVE

HOT ZIPPETY!
HE'S COMING!!



WHO IS
COMING,
MAY I
ASK?

ANDY CLIVE,
IS COMING HERE...
.. I MEAN HE'D
LIKE TO... I MEAN..
CAN HE SPEND
THE NIGHT HERE??



WHY BOTHER
TO ASK MY
PERMISSION?...
HE'S COMING
ANYWAY,
ISN'T HE?

ANDY CLIVE!
OH, MAMA!
THE FRESHMAN
PROM IS GOIN'
TO BE SUMPIN'!
(SIGH)



MEANWHILE AT HIS HOME, MR.
GRUMP, PRINCIPAL OF HILLWOOD
HIGH... IS LOST IN THOUGHT!

I DON'T KNOW IF IT **WAS**
A GOOD IDEA TO ASK **GINGER**
TO BE THE CHAIRMAN OF
THE FRESHMAN PROM!



THINK I'LL
RUN OVER TO
SCHOOL AND
SEE WHAT
ARRANGEMENTS
SHE HAS MADE
FOR AN ORCHES.
TRA FOR
TONIGHT!



OOPS! IMAGINE
BUMPING IN TO
YOU THIS WAY..
MR. GRUMP!

YOU'RE ALWAYS
RUNNING AFTER
SOMETHING! I
HOPE IT'S **GOOD**
MUSIC FOR THE
PROM THIS TIME!

SURE THING!
WE GOT A
SUPER-DUPER
ORCHESTRA
FOR TONIGHT!



GINGER
!!

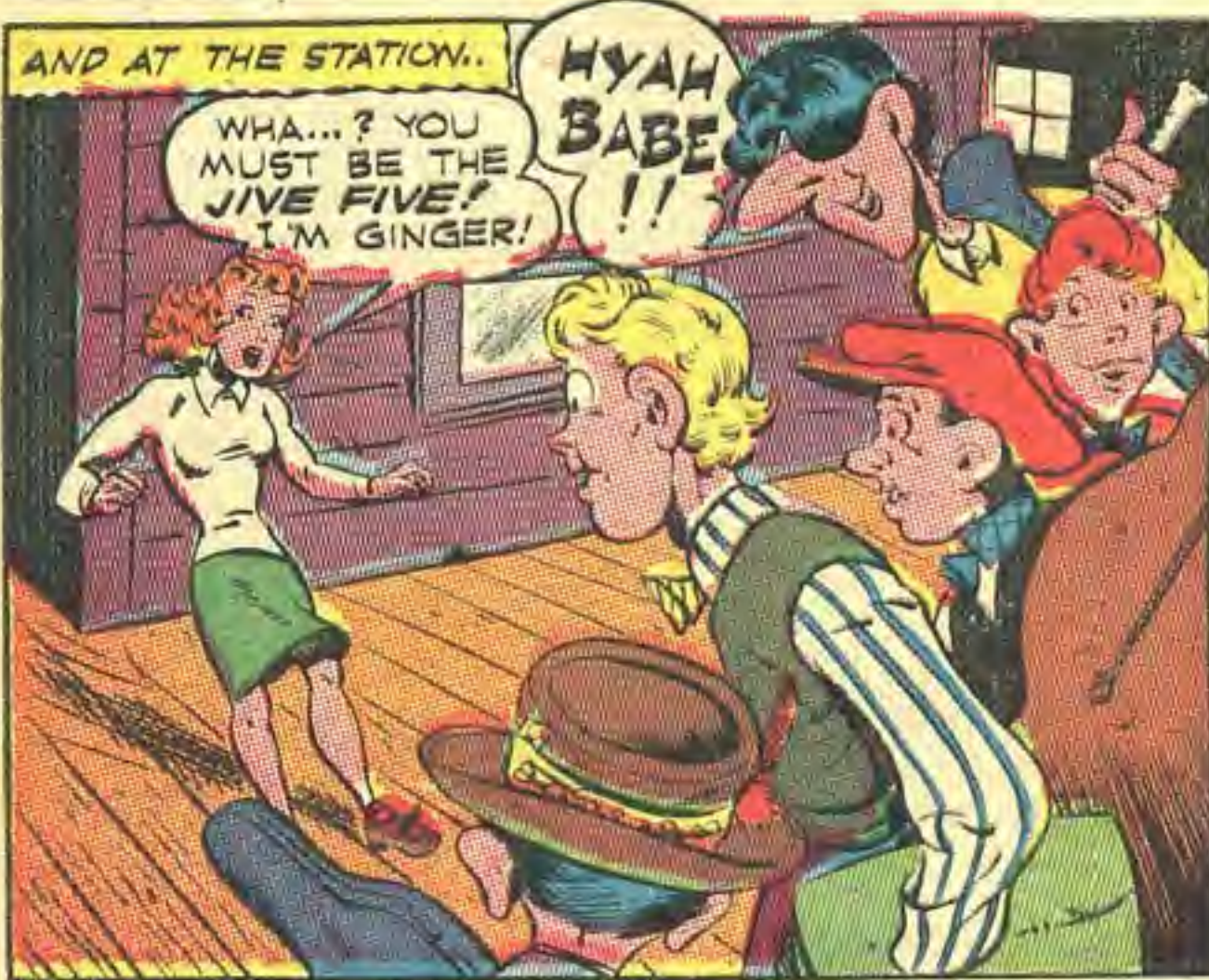


SOMETHING
ON THIS
ORDER, I
HOPE!

CONSERVATORY
MUSIC
THIMBLE CLUB
DANCE INSIDE

HUH?









AHHH-HHHH...
THAT OUGHT
TO WORK!

A LITTLE LATER...

OH.. MOTHER..
I FEEL.. JUST
AWFUL!

MY DEAR..
YOU'VE GOT
THE MEASLES!

MEASLES
???

MEASLES
?

HA-A-L-P!
I NEED FUMI-
GATING
FAST!

THAT NIGHT
AT THE
FRESHMAN
PROM...

HOW D'YA LIKE
THAT! I NEVER THOUGHT
GINGER'D GET, MAESTRO
METRONOME, FOR
OUR PROM!

FUNNY! I
ALWAYS
THOUGHT
GINGER
WAS A
JITTERBUG!

MRS. SNAPP, I
THINK GINGER
DESERVES TO BE
COMPLIMENTED!

GOSH, POP!
EVERYONE'S
HAVING SUCH
A WONDERFUL
TIME!

YEAH! EVEN
MY HEAD
FEELS BETTER
NOW !!

HAVE YOU ENTERED THE CONTEST, EVERYBODY IS
TALKING ABOUT? THE ONE IN **TOP NOTCH**
LAUGH COMICS? **EVERYBODY WINS! NO-**
BODY LOSES! GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

LOOK FOR THIS PICTURE ON YOUR NEWSSTAND!
IT WILL BE ON THE COVER OF THE LATEST SHIELD-WIZARD.....
SHIELD-WIZARD #10
ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND RIGHT NOW BRINGING WITH
IT "THE RETURN OF THE HUN" IN A TALE THAT WILL
LIVE FOREVER IN YOUR MIND!!!



ZIP'S Hall of Fame

I'LL SHOW ALL THESE "SCREWBALLS!"

OUT OF THIS WAR, FOR FREEDOM HAVE COME MANY YOUNG HEROES! BOYS IN THEIR TEENS WHO HAVE SHOWN THAT THEY FEEL THEIR YOUTHFULNESS IS NO BARRIER TO SERVING THEIR COUNTRY AND THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE! "ZIP'S" HALL OF FAME IS PROUD TO BRING YOU THE AMAZING STORY OF ONE TEEN-AGE HERO, GEORGE FREDERICK BEURLING.. THE "SCREWBALL" OF MALTA...

THE STORY OF GEORGE FREDERICK BEURLING STARTS IN A CANADIAN AIR-FORCE ENLISTING POST, ABOUT A YEAR AGO!...

ALL RIGHT, YOUNG MAN, YOU CAN GO IN FOR YOUR EYE EXAMINATION, NOW!!

SORRY, BEURLING, BUT YOU'RE TOO NEAR-SIGHTED FOR THE AIR FORCE! BETTER TRY SOME OTHER BRANCH OF SERVICE!

XCWB
ADPIN
VSTUG
RMOJ
KBFY



LISTEN, DOC, I HAVE ONE GREAT LOVE AND ONE GREAT HATE! I'M CRAZY ABOUT FLYING, IT'S MY WHOLE LIFE! AND I CAN'T STAND ALIVE NAZIS! SO SOMEHOW I'M GOING TO COMBINE THE TWO! I'VE GOT TO!!



GEORGE THEN INFORMS HIS PARENTS OF HIS PLAN!
THIS IS HOW I'LL GET THOSE 'SCREWBALL' NAZIS! I'M GOING TO SHIP ON A FREIGHTER TO ENGLAND, AND ENLIST IN THE R.A.F.



SO YOU WANT TO ENLIST AS CABIN BOY, EH, SON? WELL, Y'KNOW IT'S VERY DANGEROUS WORK, WITH ALL THEM SUBMARINES IN THE WATERS!

GEORGE STARTS HIS LONG VOYAGE ACROSS THE OCEAN ABOARD A SHIP THAT PLOWS THROUGH SUB-INFESTED AREAS WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CONVOY...



WELL, SON WE'VE FINALLY ARRIVED IN ENGLAND! LOTS OF LUCK, LAD!



GEORGE HEADS FOR THE NEAREST R.A.F. RECRUITING STATION...

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

I'M EIGHTEEN, SIR!



SORRY, BEURLING, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GET YOUR PARENTS' SIGNATURES BEFORE YOU CAN SIGN UP IN THAT CASE!

BUT, SIR, I'VE COME ALL THE WAY FROM CANADA TO JOIN UP. THAT'S WHERE MY PARENTS ARE!



I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU, BUT THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO! THAT'S THE LAW!

I'M NOT DEFEATED YET! I'LL SHIP BACK ON ANOTHER FREIGHTER AND GET THEIR CONSENT!

ONCE AGAIN LUCKY BEURLING BRAVES THE DANGER OF THE SUBMARINE - INFESTED ATLANTIC ABOARD A FREIGHTER...

GEORGE'S PARENTS COOPERATE WITH HIM..

GOD BLESS YOU, MY SON! YOUR MOTHER AND I ARE PROUD OF YOU! WE'RE HAPPY TO HAVE OUR BOY SERVING SO GREAT A CAUSE!



THOSE SCREWBALL NAZIS WILL HEAR FROM ME, YET! WAIT TILL I GET A CRACK AT THEM!



WELL, IF IT, H'AIN'T YOUNG BEURLING! YOU JUST SHIPPED TO ENGLAND. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



CAPTAIN, I HAD TO GET MY PARENTS' CONSENT BEFORE I COULD JOIN THE R.A.F. CAN I GO BACK TO ENGLAND AGAIN ON YOUR SHIP?

FOR THE THIRD TIME, GEORGE CROSSES THE ATLANTIC.. BUT THIS TIME!



SUB SIGHTED!

FOR STRAINED MINUTES, THE FATE OF GEORGE'S SHIP IS UNDECIDED!.. THE CONVOY ZIG-ZAGS, IN AN EFFORT TO SHAKE OFF THE ENEMY!.. FINALLY THEY SUCCEED..



AFTER THREE HAZARDOUS MONTHS, FROM THE TIME HE FIRST SAW ENGLAND GEORGE IS ONCE AGAIN ON ENGLISH SOIL...



WELL, CAPTAIN, THAT R.A.F. RECRUITING STATION HAD BETTER BE READY FOR ME! FOR THAT'S THE FIRST PLACE I'M GOING! THEN THE 'SCREWBALLS' BETTER WATCH OUT!



GOOD FOR YOU, BEURLING! FRANKLY, I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU BACK! BUT YOU'RE MADE OF THE STUFF WE NEED IN THE R.A.F.

JOIN

HALF A YEAR LATER GEORGE F. BEURLING HAS EARNED HIS WINGS...

PHILIP O' MALLEY,
STANLEY POST,
GEORGE FREDERIC
BEURLING, JAN
GOODMAN!!

I CAN'T BELIEVE, MY CHANCE
HAS FINALLY ARRIVED! WAIT'LL
I GET MY PLANE AND MEET
A COUPLE OF THOSE
'SCREWBALL'
NAZIS!

YOU MEN ARE
GOING TO OPERATE
IMMEDIATELY FROM
OUR AIR BASE IN
MALTA!

OH, BOY!
WE WILL!

I WANTED
SOME HEAVY
FIGHTING
AGAINST
THOSE
'SCREWBALLS'!

BEURLING ARRIVES WITH THE OTHER
PILOTS, AS MALTA IS UNDERGOING MANY
OF ITS AIR RAIDS...

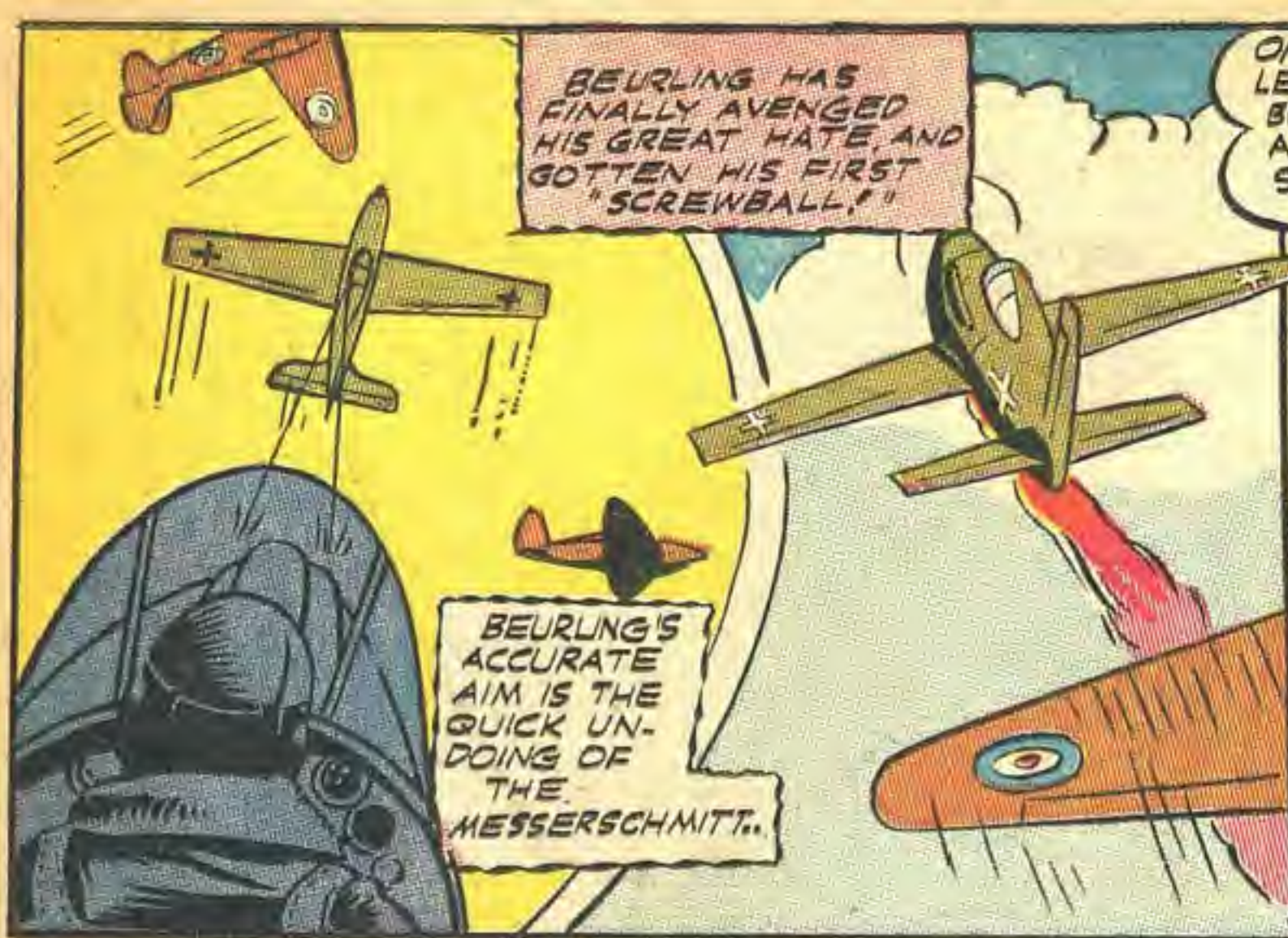
C'MON MEN, WE'RE
GOING INTO
ACTION
IMMEDIATELY!

WELL, HERE IT GOES!
NAZIS, SCREWBALLS,
GET OUT OF MY WAY
'CAUSE I'M COMING!

BEURLING EXPERTLY LIFTS HIS PLANE
INTO THE AIR TO TAKE HIS DESIGNATED
PLACE IN THE FORMATION...

THE EXPERTLY
TRAINED R.A.F.
PILOTS ENTER
INTO THE BATTLE...

BEURLING GETS
ON THE TAIL OF
A GERMAN
MESSERSCHMITT...



BEURLING HAS FINALLY AVENGED HIS GREAT HATE AND GOTTEN HIS FIRST "SCREWBALL!"

BEURLING'S ACCURATE AIM IS THE QUICK UN-DOING OF THE MESSERSCHMITT.

ONE MORE "SCREWBALL" LESS IN THIS WORLD!.. BOY I WISH MOM AND POP COULD SEE THIS!

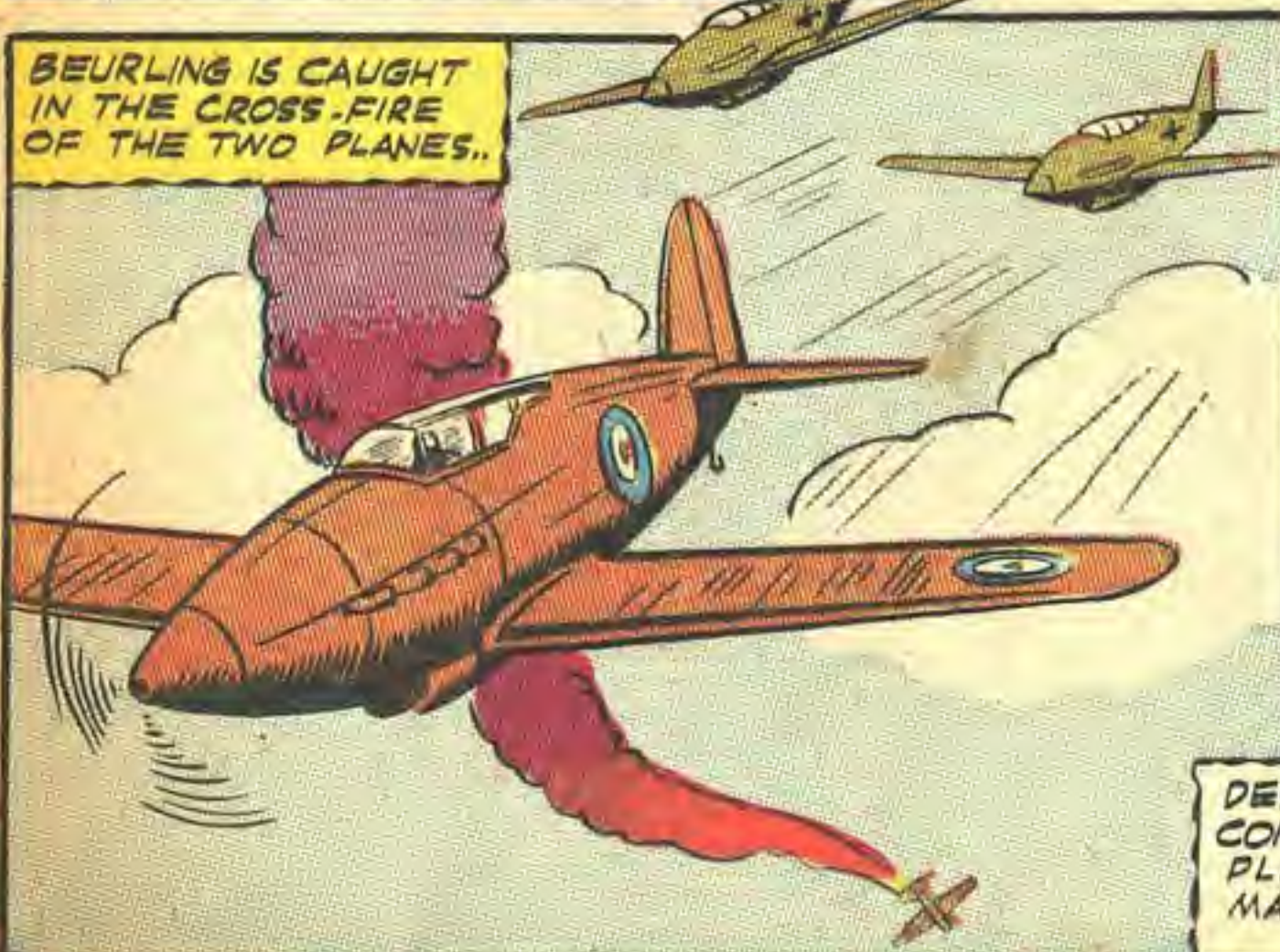


A NAZI PLANE SPIES BEURLING'S PLANE AND STARTS AFTER HIM..

I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT "SCREWBALL" BEHIND ME! I DON'T LIKE HIS POSITION!



ANOTHER NAZI PLANE SWOOPS DOWN ON BEURLING FROM ABOVE...



BEURLING IS CAUGHT IN THE CROSS-FIRE OF THE TWO PLANES..



DESPERATELY HOLDING ONTO THE CONTROLS, ALTHOUGH BOTH HE AND HIS PLANE HAVE BEEN INJURED...BEURLING MANAGES TO SHAKE OFF THE NAZIS...



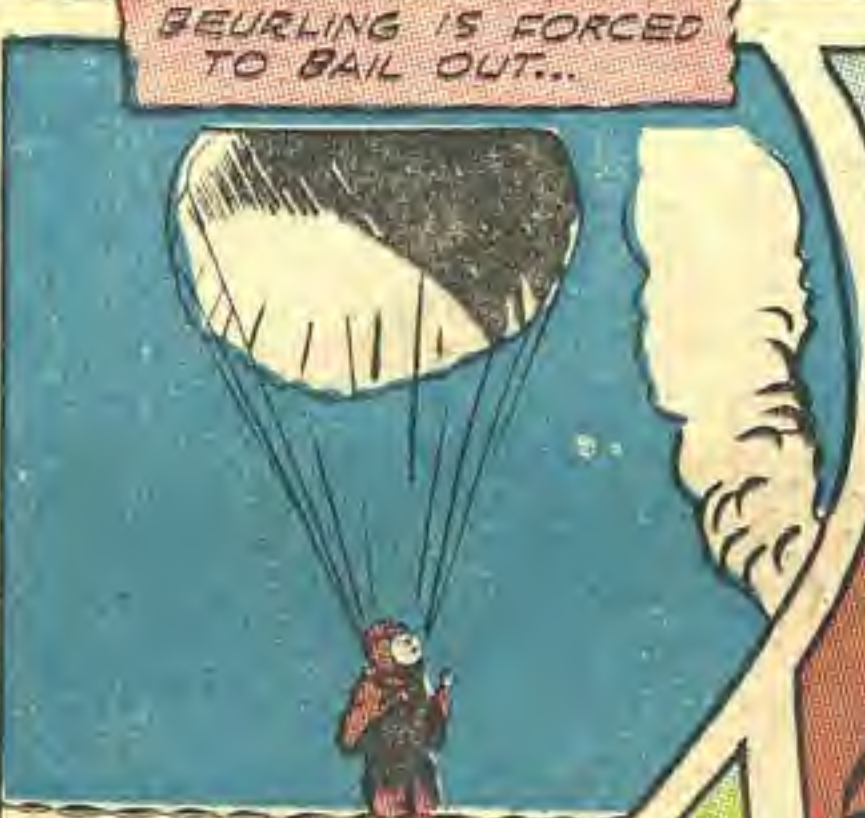
I GUESS I BETTER BRING THE PLANE DOWN NOW, AND SEE HOW DAMAGED SHE IS!



OH, OH! MICHAELS, OUR SQUADRON LEADER IS BEING PURSUED! I'D BETTER SEE IF I CAN HELP HIM! NO TIME TO LAND NOW!



GEORGE SUCCESSFULLY GETS THE NAZI'S PLANE, BUT HIS OWN PLANE CATCHES FIRE!...



BEURLING IS FORCED TO BAIL OUT...



SEVERELY INJURED BEURLING IS BROUGHT INTO THE MALTA HOSPITAL...

WELL, BOYS I'M JOINING YOU NOW, BUT I'M SATISFIED! I GOT SOME OF THOSE "SCREWBALL" GERMANS, IN THEIR SCREWBALL PLANES!

SO, FOR HIS BRAVERY, AND COURAGE, GEORGE FREDERICK BEURLING HAS BEEN AWARDED THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CORPS MEDAL...



HEY, LISTEN TO THAT KID BEURLING TALK! EVERYTHING IS 'SCREWBALL'! WHAT SAY WE CALL HIM THE "SCREWBALL OF MALTA!"

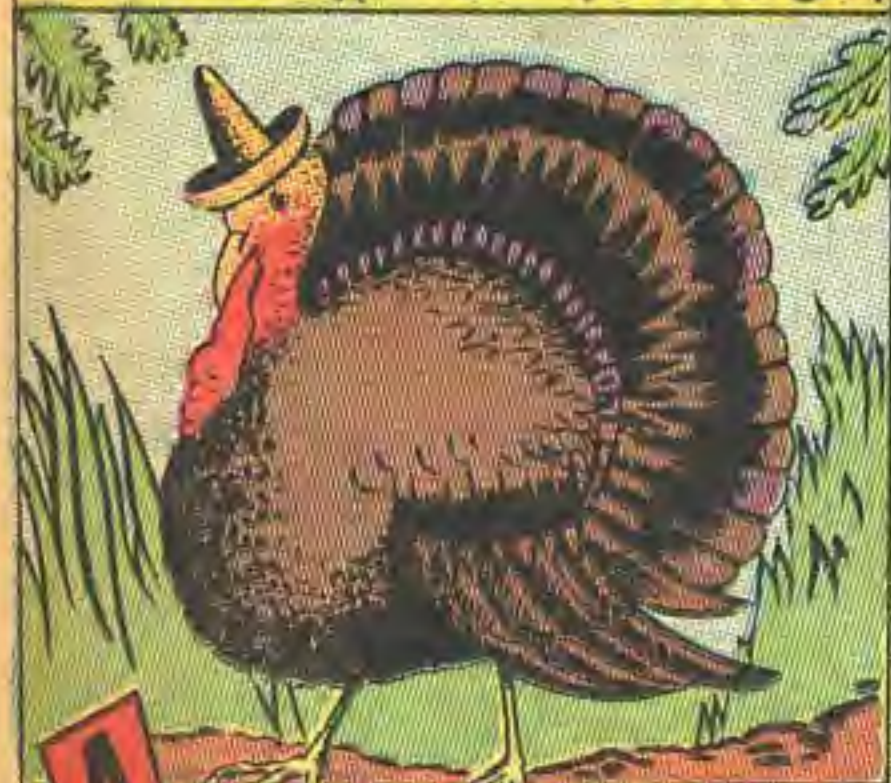
The
ZIP'S
HALL OF FAME
IS PROUD TO
AWARD THE
PALM OF THE
MONTH TO
GEORGE
FREDERICK
BEURLING,
THE
"SCREWBALL"
OF MALTA!
HIS BRAVERY
SETS AN
EXAMPLE
FOR ALL THE
YOUTH IN THE
WORLD TO HONOR
AND FOLLOW!

WORLD WONDERS

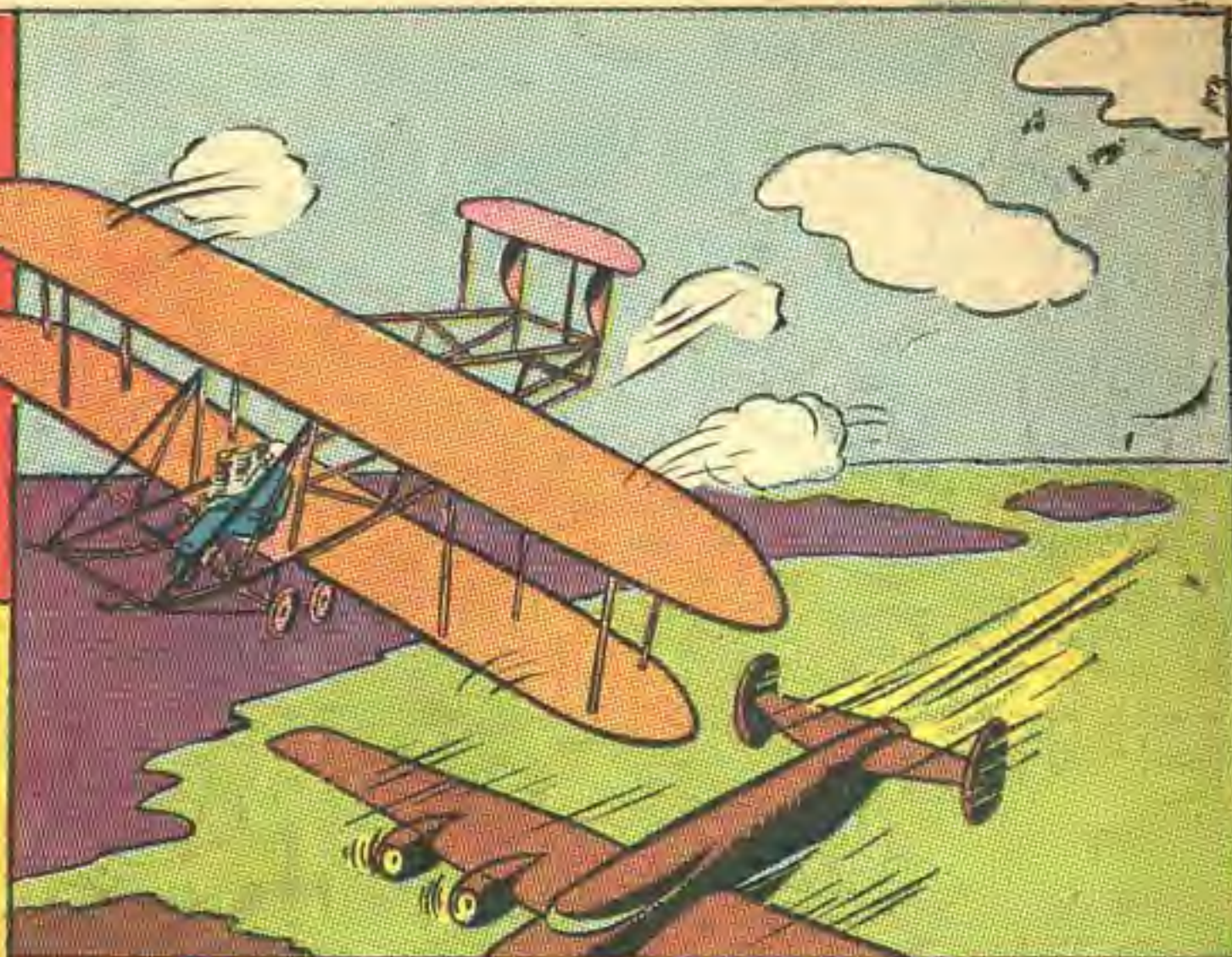


PEAS SPROUTING IN AN IRON KETTLE HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO LIFT A KETTLE AS HEAVY AS A MAN!

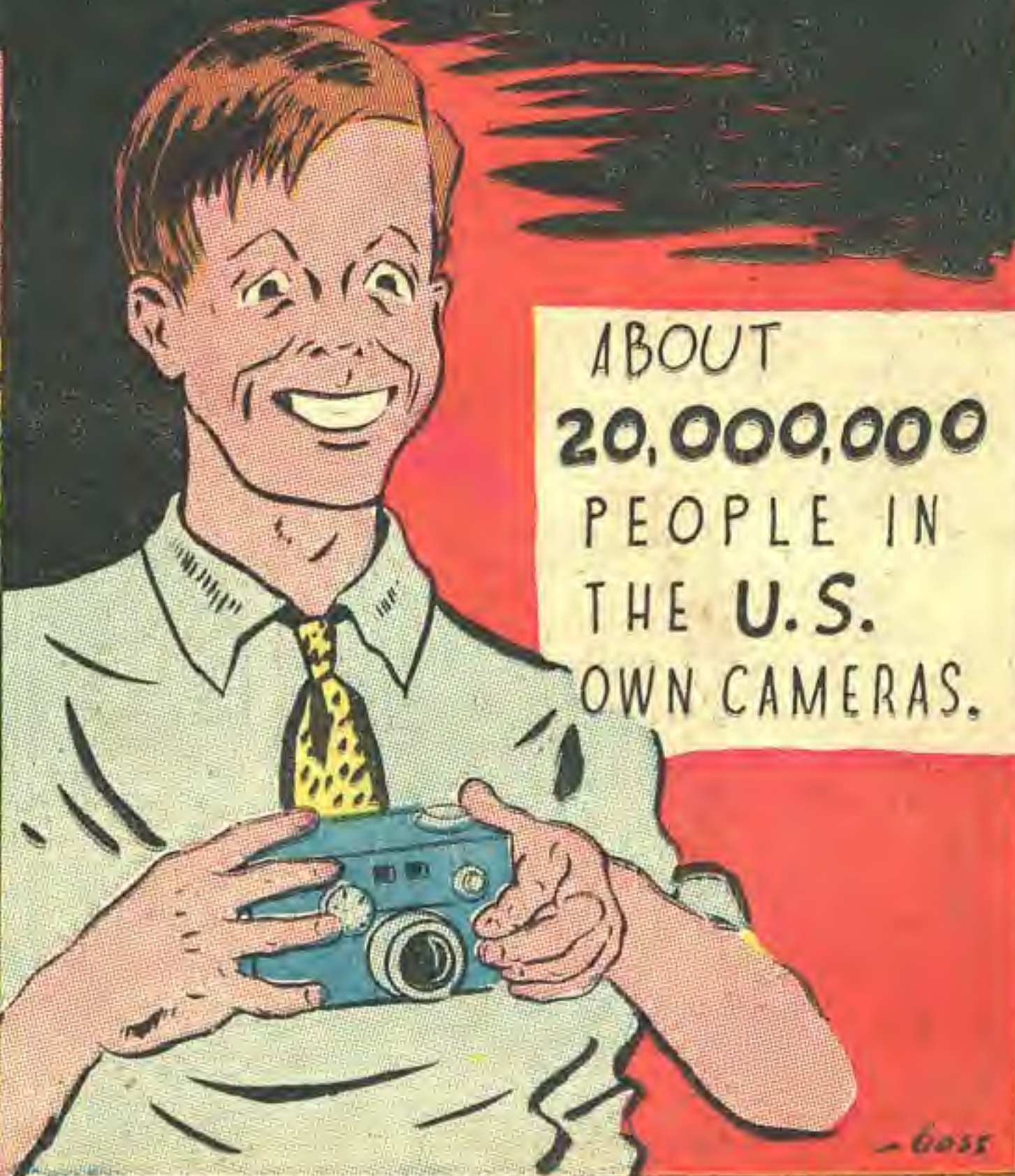
WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW?



AMERICA'S THANKSGIVING TURKEY DIDN'T COME FROM NEW ENGLAND AT ALL BUT FROM MEXICO!



40 MILES AN HOUR WAS THE SPEED OF THE FIRST MILITARY PLANE BUILT BY WRIGHT BROTHERS IN 1907....IT COULD FLY A DISTANCE OF ONLY 125 MILES...THE BIG 4 ENGINED BOMBERS TODAY FLY OVER 300 MILES PER HOUR AND HAVE A RANGE OF 3000 MILES.



ABOUT
20,000,000
PEOPLE IN
THE **U.S.**
OWN CAMERAS.

SEÑOR BANANA

WHEN WE LAST SAW SENOR BANANA AND HIS PAL SENOR ODORA, THEY WERE IN A HECK OF A PICKLE! POISONOUS SPEARS WERE POINTING AT THEM... WHY OH WHY DID HE COME TO THE LAND OF THE MISSING LINK?



MOVE ALONG!

OH! AHAH! OHOH! EEHEE! STOP! Y... YOU'RE TICKLING ME!!



MY NAME EES SENOR BANANA! WHO ARE YOU?

WE ARE THE TRIBE OF THE NOSE-HUNTERS!



SULP! DID.. YOU.. SAY, NOSE-HUNTERS?



WALK! WE SHALL TAKE YOU TO OUR QUEEN!

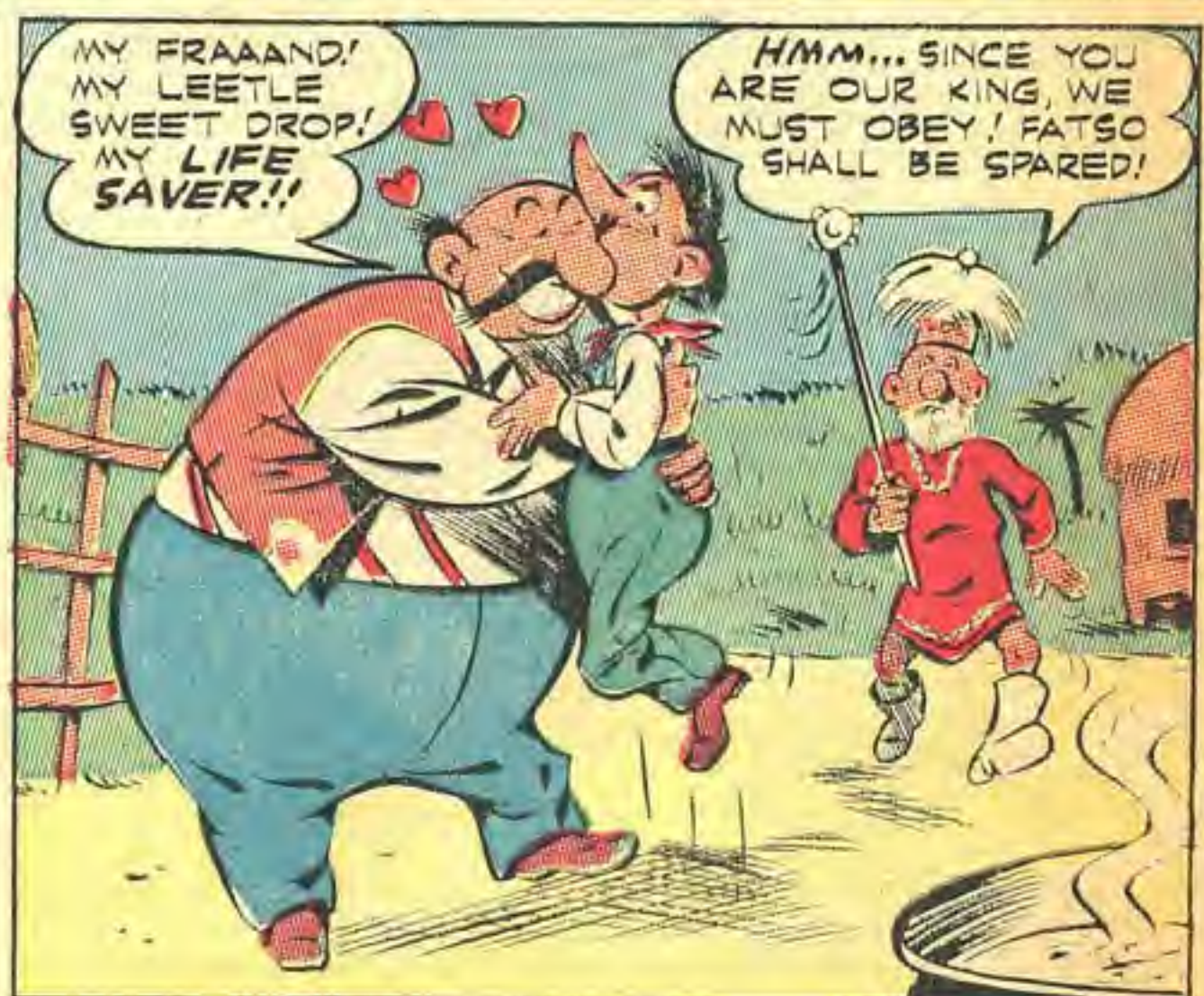
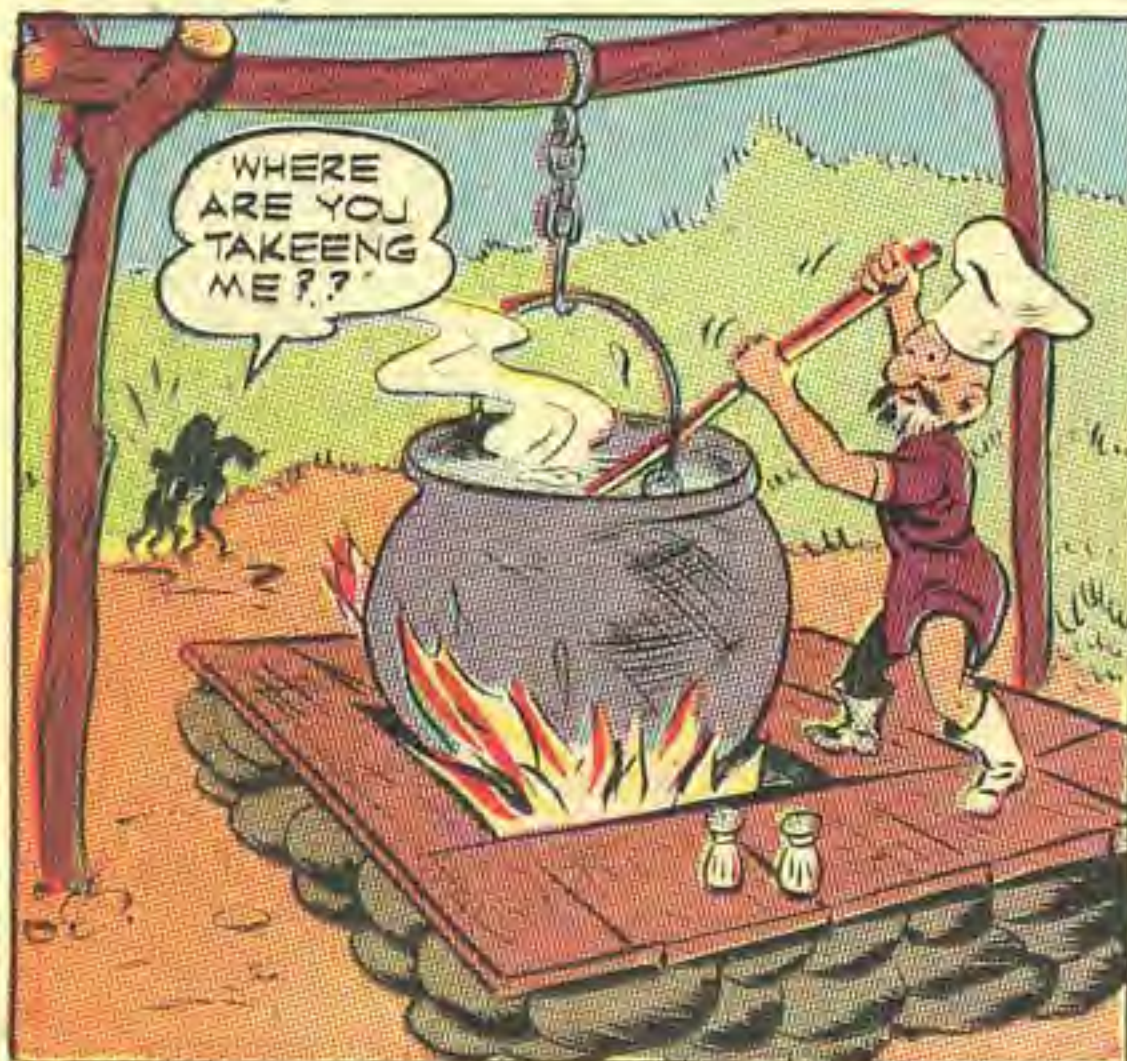
DO NOT POINT! EET'S VERY RUDE!

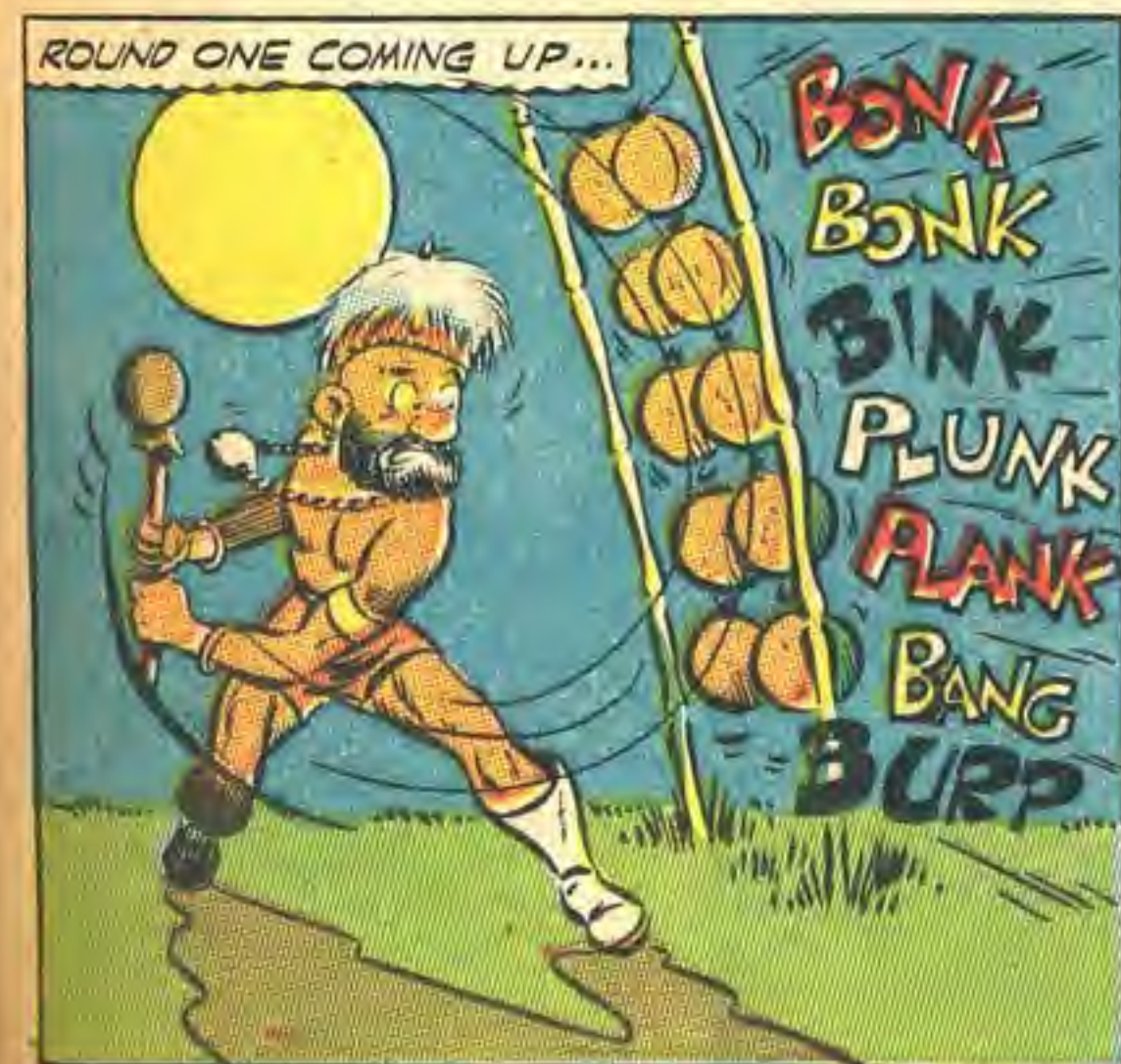


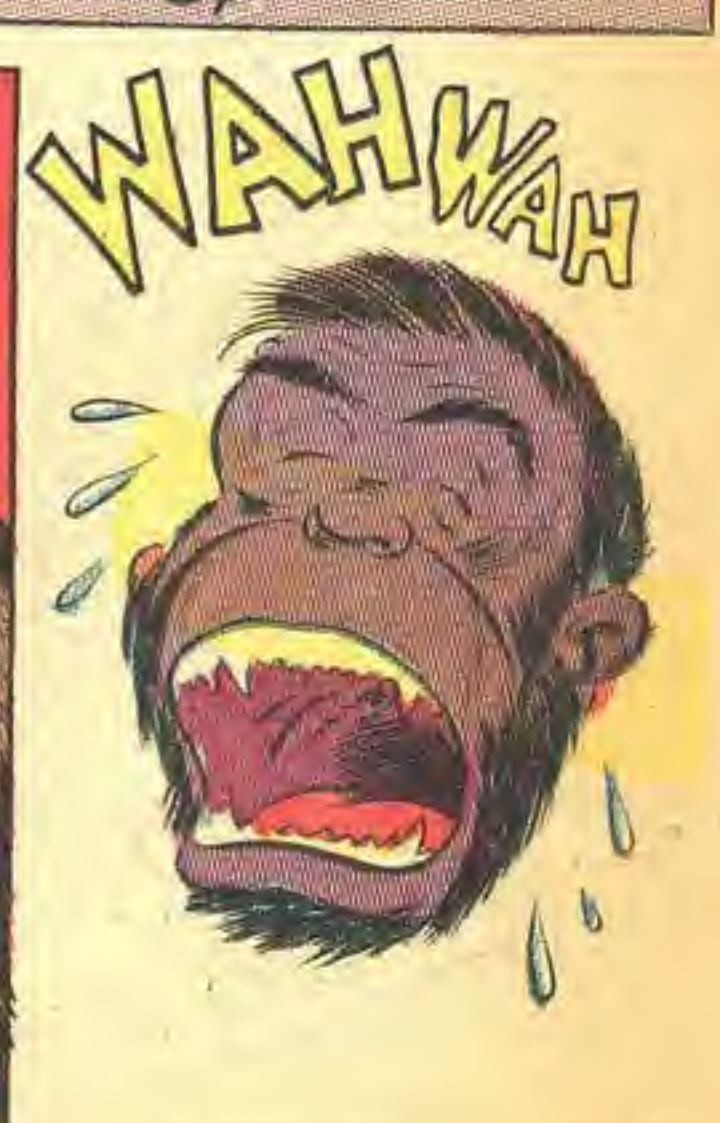
CARAMBA! SUCH LUCK TO FALL EEN THE HANDS OF THEES SCHNOZZ-SLICERS!

GRARRR











A JOKE EES A JOKE! BUT TO TAMPER WEETH MY NOSE EES FAP FROM FUNNY!



HOORAY! HE HAS DONE IT! HE HAS CONQUERED MUSSO!!

THEENK NOTHEENG OF EET! EET WAS EASY!

HAIL, SENOR BANANA! KING OF THE TRIBE, OF THE NOSEHUNTERS!



AT THAT MOMENT.

SORRY I AM LATE, SENOR, BUT I COULDN'T FIND BROWN MOSS! WEEL THEES DO??



OWAH! I FEEL FAINT!

?



THE NEXT DAY...

KING of the NOSEHUNTER



SUDDENLY OVERHEAD...

?



BONK



WHAT'S IN THE SUITCASE?

SAMPLES, SILK STOCKINGS, OR JUST STUFF?

WHAT ARE SENOR BANANA AND SENOR ODORA GAZING AT IN SUCH EXCITEMENT?

BE SURE TO GRAB YOUR NEXT COPY OF ZIP COMICS AND READ THE REMARKABLE TALE OF SUITCASE FROM THE SKY!

WILBUR

IT WON'T BE LONG
NOW BEFORE IT'S THE
FOURTH OF JULY-- BUT
THIS YEAR WILL BE
DIFFERENT, NO
FIREWORKS TO BE
FOUND IN ALL OF
WESTFIELD--- BUT
GOSH, YOU CAN'T
BLAME A
FELLA FOR

DREAMING!

Dear Folks,
I imagine me showing you how to avoid trouble. Well believe it or not that's exactly what I'm gonna do, but in my own way. We all know that our country is gonna lick the Japs outta the Axis. But we can't let up for a minute. We gotta keep hitting 'em all the time until they cry uncle. That means buying War Bonds. Buy, Buy, Buy! It'll hurt the Japs a lot more than us. Keep outta trouble by keepin' those bullets in trouble all the time.

Your pal,
Wilbur

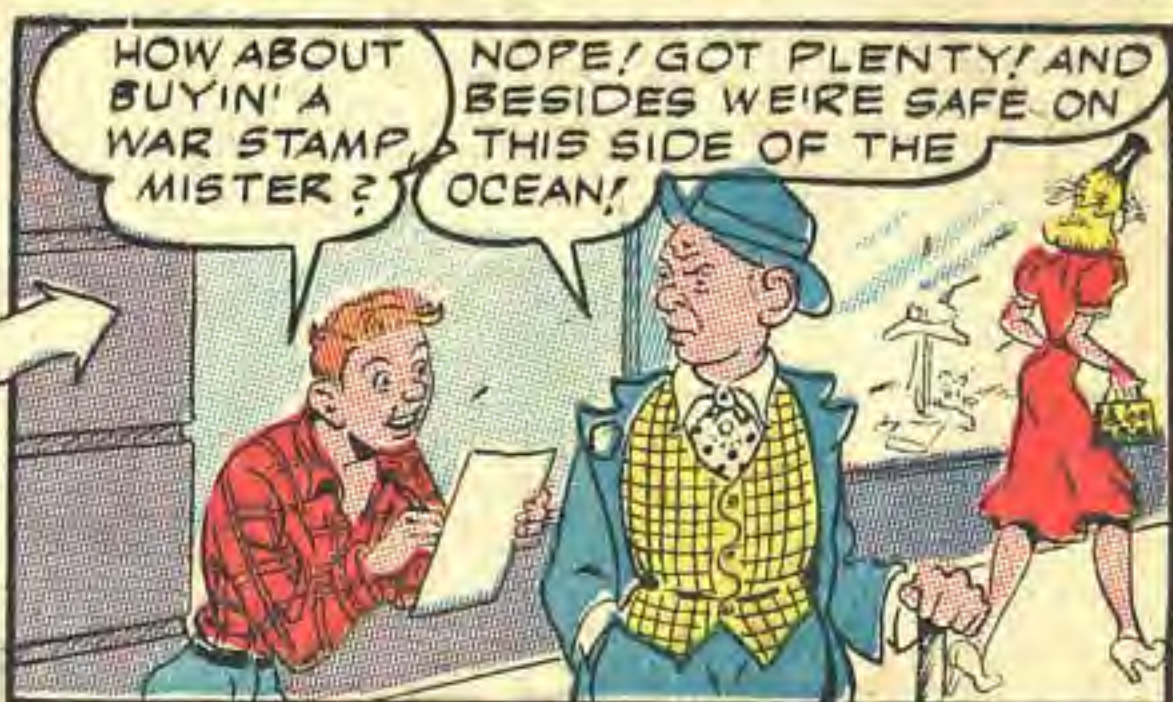
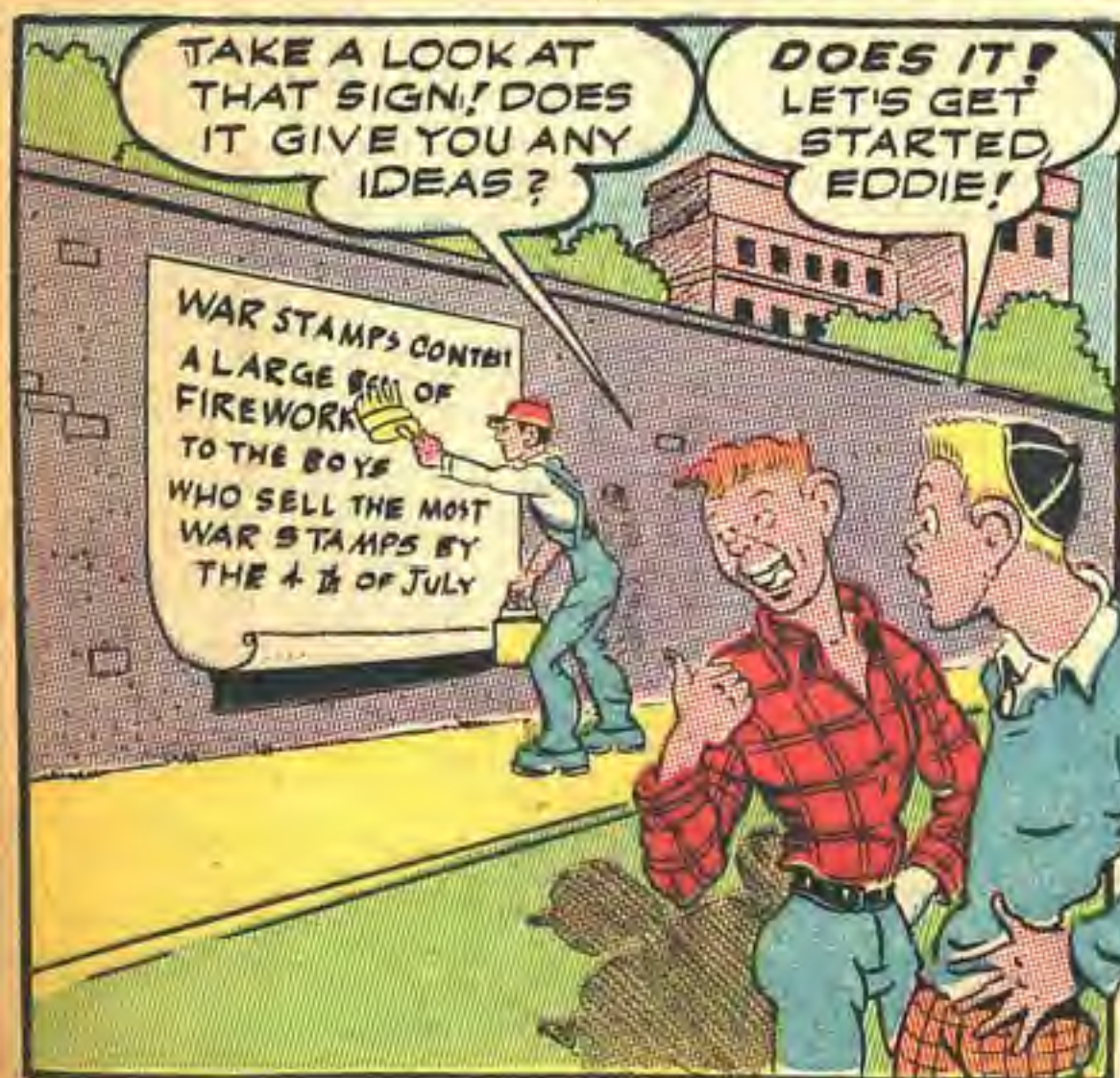
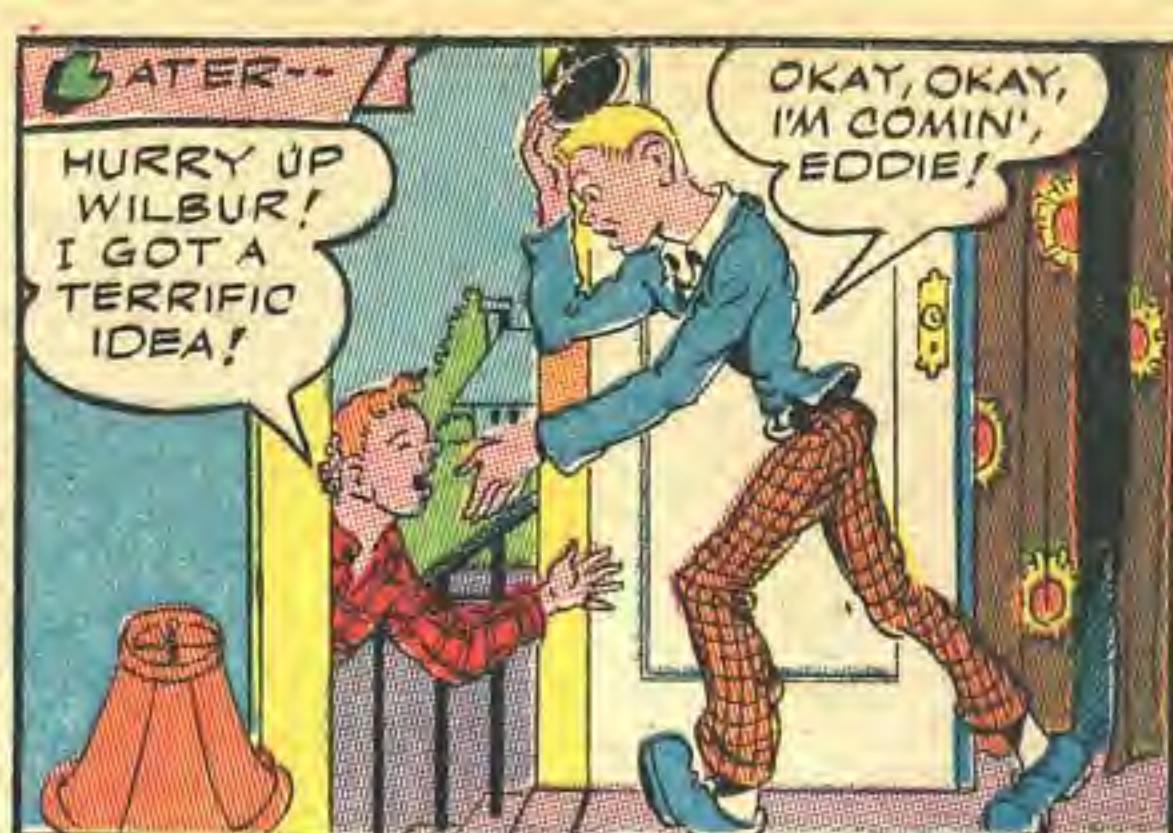
TIME TO GET
UP! TIME TO
GET UP LAZY
BONES!

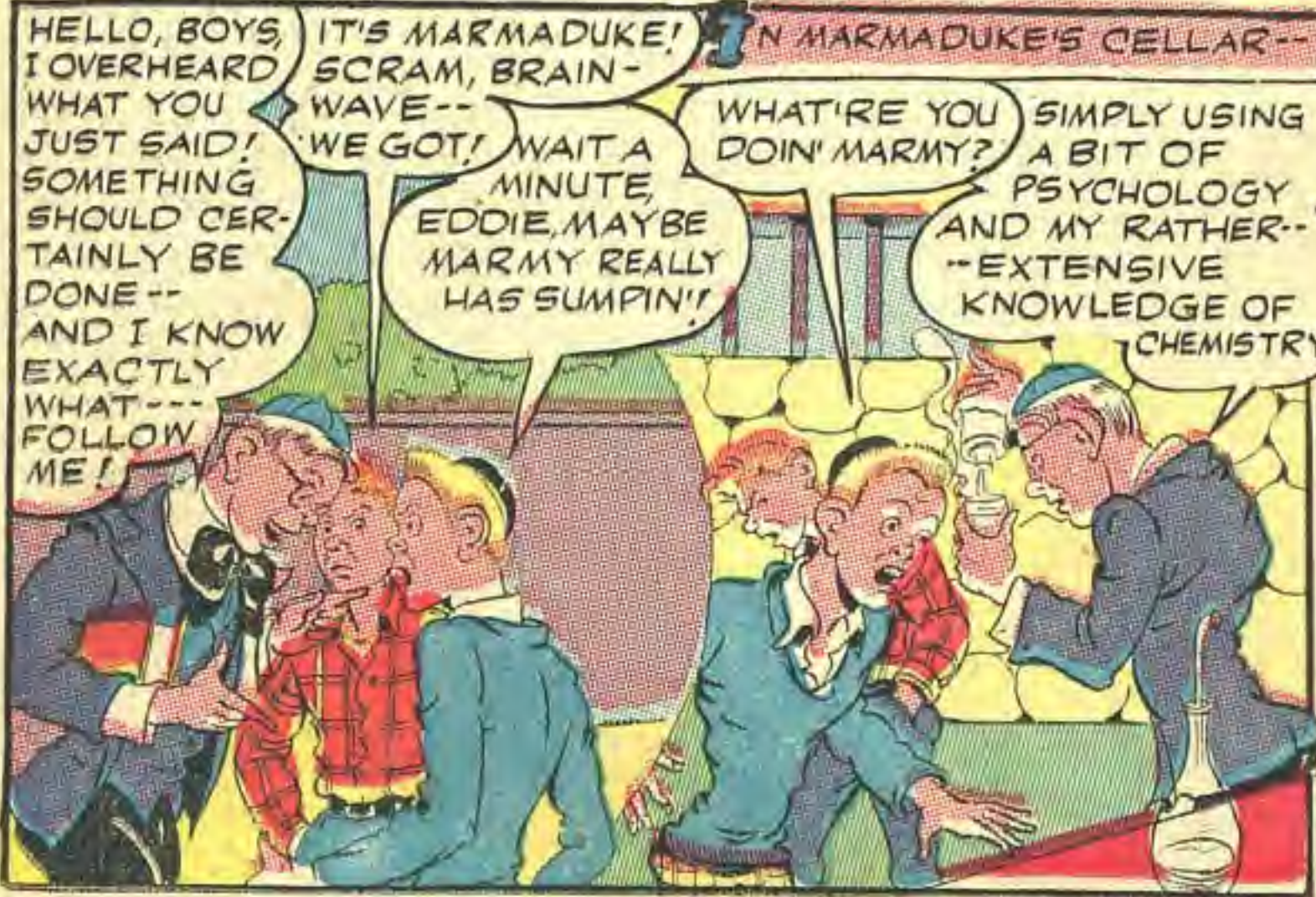


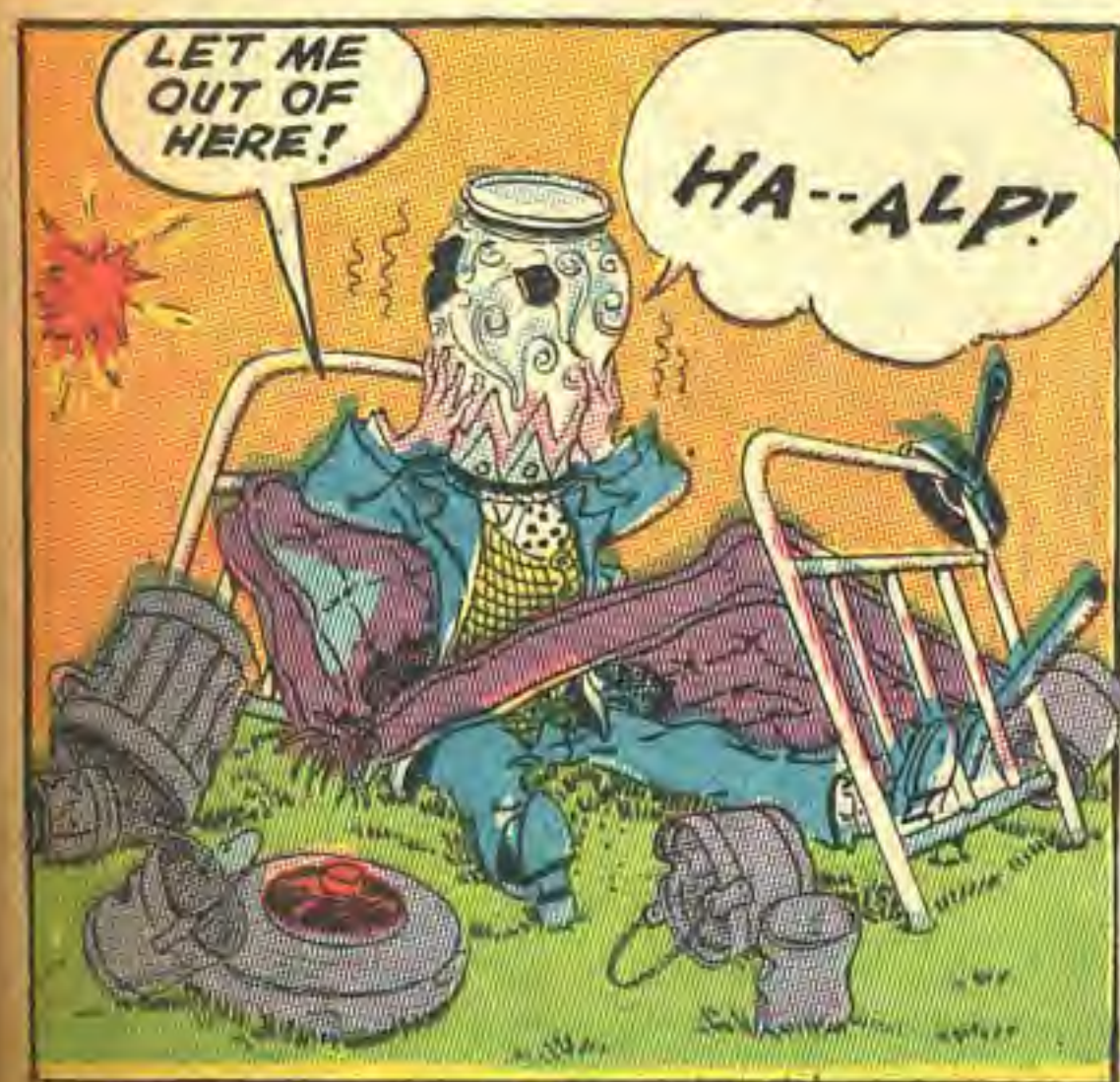
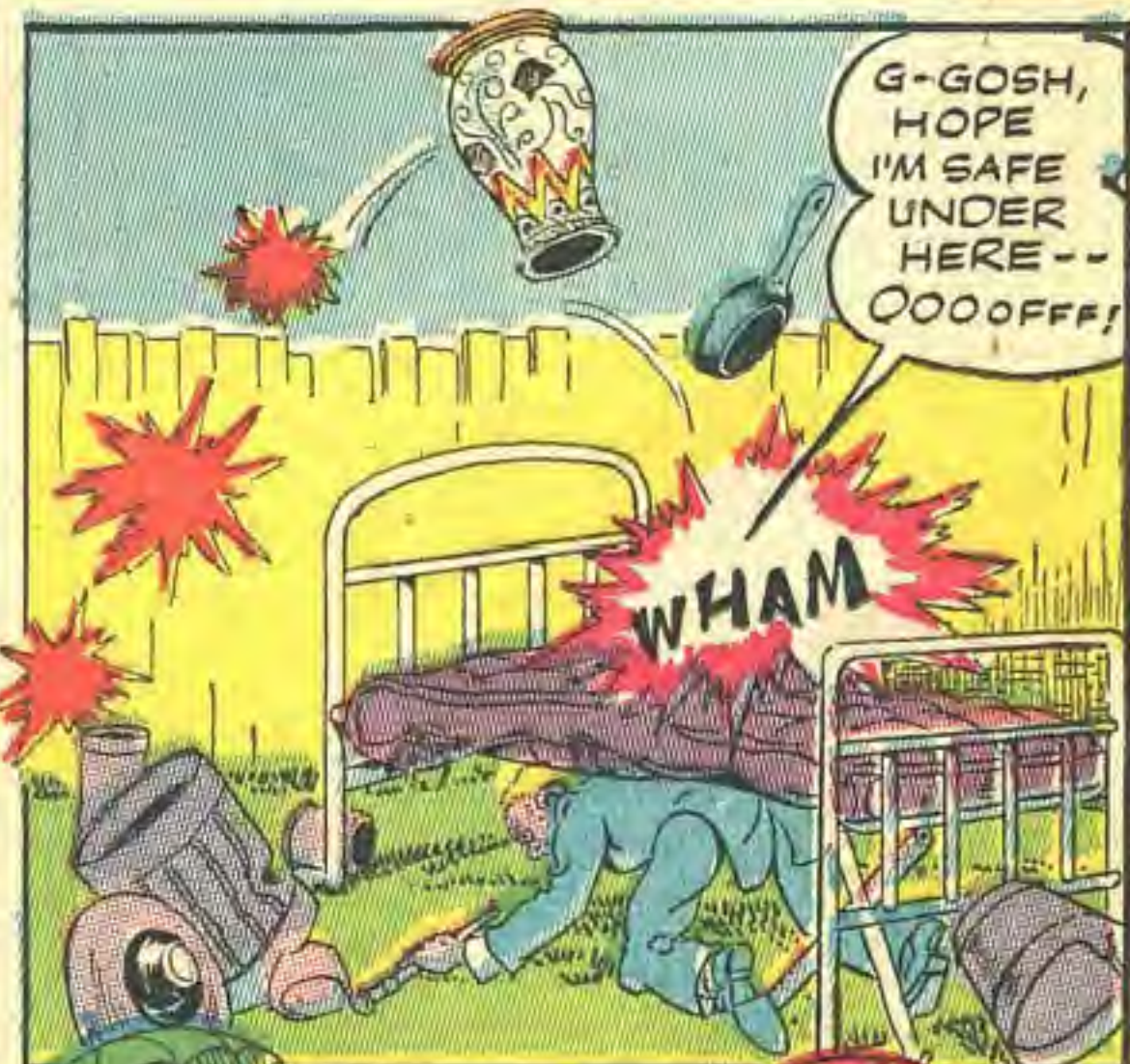
WHEW! TOO BAD IT WAS ONLY A DREAM! GOSH, POP SAID NO FIRE-CRACKERS THIS YEAR! HECK!

WIL-LBURR!
BREAKFAST IS
READY! HURRY
UP!

JUST COMBIN!
MY HAIR, MA!
BE RIGHT,
DOWN!









PARA-CHUTISTS!

WE---
WE'RE BEING INVADED!



WHEW! THE
RAID'S OVER!

MERCY ME!
WHAT A HORRIBLE
EXPERIENCE! AND
SO COMPLETELY
UNEXPECTED!



GET THE ONLY KIND OF
INSURANCE AGAINST AIR
RAIDS -- **WAR
STAMPS AND
BONDS!**

**FIFTY
FOR
ME!**

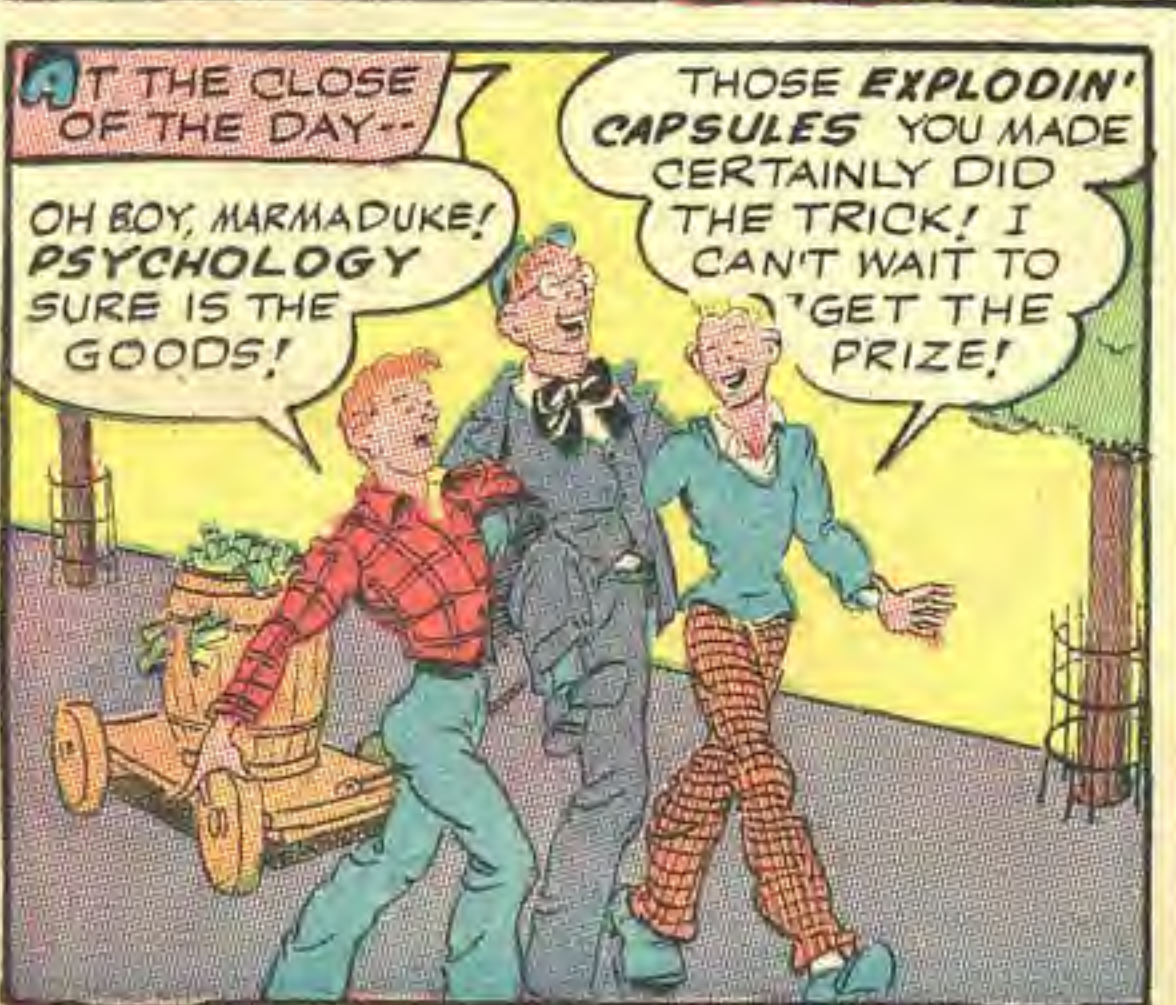
AND THAT
TEN DOLLARS
I HAD SAVED
UP FOR A
HAT IS GO-
ING INTO
**BONDS RIGHT
NOW!**



I'LL TAKE
ALL YOU'VE
GOT!

LET ME HAVE
THOSE CUTE
GREEN ONES-
IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE PILE,
WILBUR!

ATTA WAY
FOLKS! YA
CAN'T BUY
ENOUGH!



**AT THE CLOSE
OF THE DAY--**

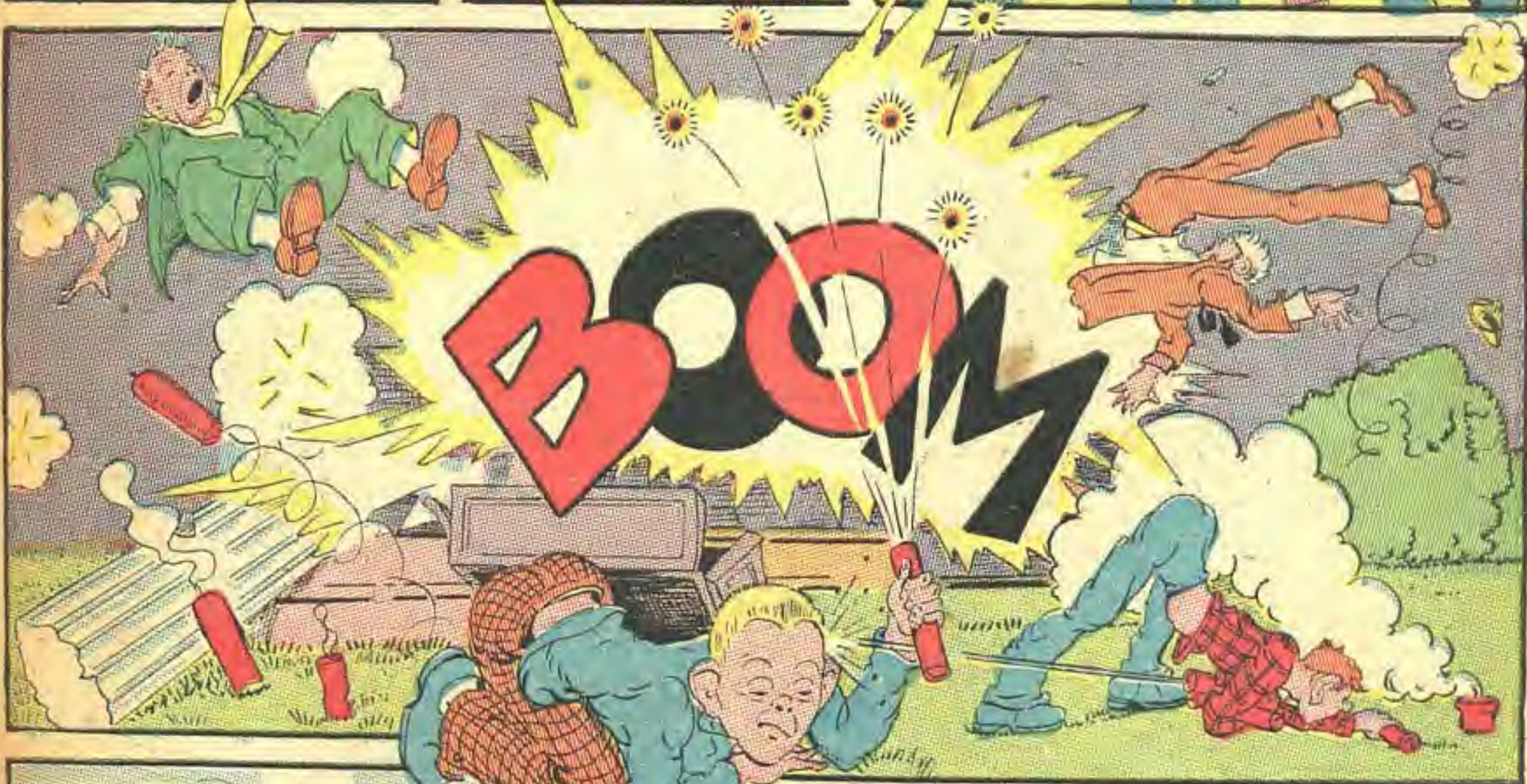
OH BOY, MARMADUKE!
**PSYCHOLOGY
SURE IS THE
GOODS!**

THOSE **EXPLODIN'**
CAPSULES YOU MADE
CERTAINLY DID
THE TRICK! I
CAN'T WAIT TO
GET THE
PRIZE!



BOYS, YOU'VE DONE
SOMETHING MORE THAN
JUST SELL WAR STAMPS---
YOU'VE STOPPED FOLKS IN
THIS TOWN FROM BEING
COMPLACENT!

YES, SIR!



JEST JOKES



PARDON, MAM, BUT I JUST SAW YOU PUT A TEASPOON IN YOUR POCKETBOOK!

THOSE ARE MY **DOCTORS** ORDERS, THAT I SHOULD TAKE A TEASPOON, AFTER EACH MEAL!

YOU MARRIED ME, BECAUSE I HAD MONEY!

NO, DEAR.. IT'S BECAUSE I **DIDN'T** HAVE ANY!
ULP!



I'D LIKE TO SEE A **PIG'S** HEAD!

WAIT, A MINUTE, THE **BOSS'LL** BE HERE, SOON!!

DID YOU EVER TAKE A **BATH?**

SURE, ONCE, BUT I NOTICED, THAT AFTER SIX MONTHS, I WAS DIRTY AS EVER, SO I **STOPPED!**



WHY DID YOU STICK YOUR KNIFE IN THIS MAN'S CHEST??

WELL, JEDGE..AH SEEN DE COPS COME 'N I WANTED TO **HIDE MAH** KNIFE, **SOMEPLACE**!!



CORN LIKKER
BY
PVT. ROY



I THOUGHT YOUR DOCTOR TOLD YOU **NOT** TO DRINK ANY **COFFEE!**

YEA, BUT HE **DIED** YESTERDAY!



JOE?

The WEB



HE SEEMED NO DIFFER-
ENT THAN OTHER WOMEN!
BUT THREE MEN ACCOM-
PANIED HER ON A STROLL
THROUGH THE PARK AT
NIGHT --- ALL THREE AT
NEVER WERE SEEN AGAIN!
THEY DISAPPEARED AS
COMPLETELY AS THOUGH
THEY WERE PLUCKED FROM
THE FACE OF THE EARTH!
THE WEB PLUNGES INTO
THE DARK MAZES OF MY-
STERY WHEN HE SEEKS
THE STRANGE ANSWER TO
THE BAFFLING CASE OF ---
**THE MEN WHO WENT
NOWHERE!**

MADELINE FREEMAN IS A SALESGIRL IN THE SMALL TOWN DRUGSTORE OF ENDYMION--

IT'S NICE OF YOU TO OFFER TO WALK ME HOME! BUT I REALLY DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD--

I'VE SEEN YOU HERE ALL WEEK! THERE WON'T BE ANY SCANDAL ABOUT THE FACT THAT I'M WALKING YOU HOME!

I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THAT, MR. BIRON! BUT YOU'VE JUST COME TO TOWN RECENTLY! YOU DON'T KNOW THAT I'VE BECOME A WOMAN OF MYSTERY!

AM I SUPPOSED TO BE FRIGHTENED!



PERHAPS YOU **SHOULD** BE FRIGHTENED! LESS THAN TWO WEEKS AGO MY HUSBAND, PAUL FREEMAN, WALKED HOME WITH ME, JUST AS YOU ARE NOW! AND HE **DISAPPEARED!**

WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

I--I DON'T KNOW! HE THOUGHT HE HEARD SOMEONE LAUGHING! HE WENT TO INVESTIGATE-- AND HE NEVER RETURNED!

BUT THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME TRACE OF WHAT HAPPENED! PEOPLE DON'T SIMPLY WALK OFF AND **VANISH!**

I CALLED THE POLICE! THEY FOUND HIS FOOTPRINTS WENT ONLY SO FAR INTO THE WOODS! THEN HIS FOOTPRINTS **VANISHED TOO!**



YOU SAY HE THOUGHT HE HEARD LAUGHTER--

THERE-- THERE IT IS AGAIN!

I'LL FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

NO, DON'T! I'M AFRAID!



MINUTES
PASS, AND
THEN---

THE LAUGHTER
STOPPED! HE
HASN'T COME BACK!
HE'S **NEVER** COMING
BACK!

I'VE GOT TO GET
HELP, OR I'LL
GO MAD!



MEANWHILE, JOHN RAYMOND, VISIT-
ING LECTURER AT ENDYMION COLLEGE,
IS RESTING AFTER THE DAY'S CLASSES---

CONFOUND THE LUCK! JUST
AS I'M GETTING SETTLED,
THE DOORBELL
RINGS!

RING
RING



PROFESSOR
RAYMOND,
YOU MUST
HELP ME!

BUT-BUT
YOU
CAN'T--



LOOK HERE,
YOUNG LADY,
YOU CAN'T
COME
BARGING IN
HERE LIKE
THIS!

YOU DON'T UNDER-
STAND! TWO MEN
HAVE DIS-
APPEARED AND I'M
RESPON-
SIBLE!

WHY HAVE
YOU
COME
TO ME?

I'VE
HEARD HOW
YOU HELP PEOPLE
IN TROUBLE! I
CAN'T GO TO THE
POLICE! THEY-THEY'D
NEVER BELIEVE ME
A **SECOND**
TIME!

--- THAT'S
THE WAY
IT HAPPENED!
HONESTLY!
I--I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
TO DO!

HMM--I DON'T
BLAME YOU
FOR NOT
GOING TO THE
POLICE! IT'S A
FANTASTIC
STORY! BUT
THERE MUST BE
SOME RATIONAL
EXPLANATION!



I'LL INVESTIGATE! IF THERE'S A REASON BEHIND THESE DISAPPEARANCES, YOU CAN BE SURE I'LL FIND IT!

BE CAREFUL! I HAVE A FEELING THERE'S SOME DREADFUL SECRET BEHIND THIS!

POOR GIRL! SHE'S PROBABLY SUFFERING FROM DELUSIONS! BUT THERE'S JUST A CHANCE SHE MAY BE RIGHT!

NEXT DAY--

I'VE CHECKED MADELINE FREEMAN'S STORY! SHE'S TELLING THE TRUTH! I EVEN EXAMINED THE GROUND WHERE GEORGE BIRON WAS LAST SEEN! HIS FOOTPRINTS DO DISAPPEAR!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! ALL MY TRAINING TEACHES ME TO REJECT THE SUPERNATURAL! AND YET---

MISS FREEMAN TO SEE YOU, PROFESSOR RAYMOND!

I HAD TO SEE YOU! HAVE YOU FOUND-- ANYTHING?

I'M STILL WORKING ON IT!

I SHOULD TELL YOU! ANOTHER MAN ASKED TO WALK ME HOME TONIGHT!

WHAT'S HIS NAME?

FRANK MORAN! BUT I WON'T GO WITH HIM-- I PROMISE! I WON'T ADD ANOTHER MAN TO-- TO THE OTHERS!

YOU *MUST* GO WITH HIM! TONIGHT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS MYSTERY IS ALL ABOUT!

LATER, IN THE LOCAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE F.B.I. ---

TWO OF THESE MEN ARE FEDERAL INVESTIGATORS! I CAN'T REVEAL THE JOB THEY'RE WORKING ON! THAT'S A MILITARY SECRET!

THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW, SIR!

NOW I'M GETTING SOME PLACE! I'VE GONE AS FAR AS I CAN WITH THIS CASE AS JOHN RAYMOND! --- THE WEB TAKES OVER FROM HERE ON!

THAT NIGHT, JOHN RAYMOND ONCE AGAIN VENTURES FORTH IN THE FAMILIAR GARB OF THE WEB ---

THERE GOES MADELINE FREEMAN NOW --- TOWARD THE PARK!

FRANK MORAN ISN'T GOING TO DISAPPEAR --- IF I CAN HELP IT!

MEANWHILE ---

THAT LAUGHTER AGAIN! DON'T GO PLEASE!

I'LL FIX THAT WOULD-BE PAGLIACCI!

HE'S STOPPED LAUGHING! COME OUT OF HIDING!

VERY WELL, IF YOU INSIST---

AHHHH I'M STRANGLING!



HE'S GOT MORAN!



SUDDENLY THERE FLASHES THE GRIM AND TERRIBLE SYMBOL OF CRIME'S AVENGER---

THE WEB!



THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO!



FOOL! NO ONE CAN STOP ME!

I DISAGREE--



I THOUGHT THIS WAS GOING TO BE A PRIVATE PARTY!

VIOLENTLY!

BUT YOU'RE ALL INVITED!



ACH! I MISSED!

DIDN'T YOU KNOW I HAD EYES IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD?

I'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE LIFT!



I'VE GOT HIM!

AND I'M GIVING IT TO HIM!

GET THE GIRL TOO! SHE MAY HAVE OVERHEARD!

JA!

LATER, AS **THE WEB** FIGHTS HIS WAY BACK TO PAIN-WRACKED CONSCIOUSNESS ----

MADELINE! THEY GOT YOU, TOO!

YOU-YOU KNOW WHO I AM? WHO ARE YOU?

NEARLY SLIPPED UP THAT TIME! OF COURSE SHE DOESN'T KNOW JOHN RAYMOND IS THE **WEB**!

I'M A FRIEND!

THEY KILLED MORAN. I SAW THEM! THEY KILLED HIM, AND WEIGHTED HIS BODY WITH STONES, AND THREW IT INTO THE LAKE!

COMPANY IS ARRIVING! SIT TIGHT! I'LL FIGURE A WAY OUT OF THIS!



SO! YOU ARE AWAKE--!
IT IS GOOD TO SEE
YOU AGAIN, MADELINE!

YOU KNOW
THIS MAN?

KNOW HIM?
HE-HE'S MY
HUSBAND!

YES I AM PAUL FREEMAN!
BUT I AM ALSO DR EHRlich,
AN-- ER-- REPRESENTA-
TIVE OF THE FUEHRER
IN AMERICA!

SPIES ARE
TAKING FANCY
NAMES THESE
DAYS, EH DR.
EHRlich!

BUT YOU'RE
WORKING FOR
THE FUEHRER ALL
RIGHT! YOU BOTH
HAVE THE SAME
SMELL!

IMPUDENT
DOG!

I SEE NOW THAT I WILL
HAVE TO KILL YOU! YOU
WILL BE FOUND MURDERED--
WITH MY WIFE DEAD BE-
SIDE YOU! SHE WILL HAVE
THE MURDER GUN IN HER
HAND! THE POLICE WILL
BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO
BELIEVE THAT SHE
CLAIMED HER **FOURTH**
VICTIM BEFORE SHE
KILLED
HERSELF!

VERY INGENIOUS,
DR. EHRlich! THAT WILL
HELP TO ACCOUNT FOR
THE TWO FEDERAL MEN
YOU KILLED AS WELL!
THEY WERE GOING A BIT
TOO CLOSE ON
YOUR TRAIL!

EXACTLY!

SO I DISAPPEARED AS
PAUL FREEMAN, TO THROW
THEM OFF THE TRAIL! BUT
I DIDN'T! I WAS FORCED
TO DISPOSE
OF THEM--
AS I SHALL
DISPOSE
OF YOU!

JUST THE RIGHT
ANGLE! THANKS
FOR COOPERAT-
ING!

OOOOFFF!
GET HIM!

THESE BOYS
ARE PLAYING
FOR KEEPS!

SO
AM
I!

HEAR THE SIREN?
THERE'S A **BLACK-
OUT** TONIGHT!

CRACK!

WOW! I CAN ALMOST
TASTE THE LEAD
ON THAT ONE!

YOU WON'T
TASTE
ANYTHING
FOR A LONG
TIME TO
COME!

DIE!

SOMEONE'S
COMING! ---
MORE OF
DR. EHRLICH'S
GANG!

I'LL BET THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU TWO EVER WENT OUT TOGETHER!



LATER IN THE OFFICE OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER--

GEORGE BIRON AND FRANK MORAN WERE AGENTS OF THE F.B.I.! THEY SUSPECTED THAT PAUL FREEMAN WAS REALLY DR EHRLICH, THE MASTER NAZI SPY! SO THEY FORCED PAUL FREEMAN TO PULL HIS FAKE DISAPPEARANCE!

BUT, AS EHRLICH, HE RETURNED TO KILL THEM!



SOMETIME LATER--

JUST DROPPED BY TO SEE HOW YOU WERE GETTING ALONG, MADELINE!

THAT'S ALL JUST AN UNPLEASANT MEMORY NOW, PROFESSOR RAYMOND!



I'M GLAD! YOU DESERVE SOMEONE BETTER THAN A MAN LIKE EHRLICH!

I THINK I'VE FOUND SOMEONE--

AND THIS YOUNG MAN ISN'T GOING TO VANISH EITHER!

NOT FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!



WHAT A PRIZE PACKAGE THEY'LL BE FOR THE POLICE!



THINGS WERE EASY BECAUSE BOTH BIRON AND MORAN WERE KEEPING A CLOSE WATCH ON HIS WIFE! HE ONLY WAITED FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO STRIKE! BUT HE COULDN'T ESCAPE THE WEB OF CRIME HE SPUN!







BOYS! I'LL HELP YOU GET A DAISY FOR Your Birthday

-the Frontiersman



BOB'S DAD HELPED BOB GET HIS DAISY
-the Frontiersman

BOB HAD A REMINDER IN HIS CALENDAR, MARKED "PERSONAL - IMPORTANT - DAD - MAY 15 (TODAY BOB'S AT HIS OFFICE) (DAD, NORMALLY DID THE TRICK!)"

AT LEAST TWICE A WEEK WHEN BOB'S DAD UNFOLDED HIS "MORNING PAPER," A REMINDER FELL OUT...

BOB'S MOTHER FOUND A BIRTHDAY REMINDER UNDER THE MILK BOTTLE ONE MORNING. (COUSINE BOB HAD PUT IT THERE)

EVERY TIME BOB'S DAD PICKED UP A MAGAZINE, A REMINDER FELL OUT OF IT.

BOB'S AUNT MARY, WHO LIVES WITH HIS FOLKS, FOUND ONE TUCKED IN HER WORK BASKET ONE NIGHT.

BOB PUT A REMINDER IN HIS CALENDAR, MARKED "PERSONAL - IMPORTANT - DAD - MAY 15 (TODAY BOB'S AT HIS OFFICE) (DAD, NORMALLY DID THE TRICK!)"

AT LEAST TWICE A WEEK WHEN BOB'S DAD UNFOLDED HIS "MORNING PAPER," A REMINDER FELL OUT...

BOB USED HIS BIRTHDAY REMINDERS FOR NEARLY 2 WEEKS "WORKING" ON THE WHOLE FAMILY.

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, MARCH 15th
"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SON"
"SEE THANKS, DAD!"

FELLAS! THERE BIRTHDAY REMINDERS GOT ME A DAISY CARBINE FOR MY BIRTHDAY. MAY DAD PUT IN TRY FIVE DOLLAR SCHOLARSHIP - JUST DAD'S FINE GIFT. BELOW TO HELP YOU GET THE DAISY YOU WANT!

Here's WONDERFUL NEWS

BOYS—we'll help you get a quality Daisy Air Rifle for your birthday IF your birthday comes between now and July 15, 1940! Just do this... mail coupon below being sure to enclose 1c in stamps to help cover O.K. postage-handling cost when we mail the FREE BIRTHDAY REMINDER KIT back to you—about 2 weeks BEFORE your birthday, say! Which beautiful, accurate, bird-killing Daisy do you want? Look over the Daisies pictured here... think of the thrilling year 'round fun and target shooting ONLY a Daisy can give you... then get busy. Send coupon and 1c in stamps—send both today in an envelope for your Reminder Kit!

Use "Birthday Reminders" to Help Get a Daisy
Your Free Birthday Reminder Kit contains a whole series of printed "messages" on which you sign your own name—also pictures of Daisy Air Rifles, and other advertising material. Complete Directions are included so you can use "Reminders" to remind your family that you want a Daisy for your birthday. You'll have loads of fun using them. Put 'em under milk bottles, in the kitchen, in the mail-box! On Dad's pay chair! Mail one to Dad when he works! They'll help you "tell" the folks you getting you a Daisy! ACT NOW! Fill in coupon, place 1c in stamps inside an envelope WITH coupon, place a 3c stamp ON the envelope and mail today. (Remember—your won't lose! Gets in again 'til you receive your Reminder Kit 2 weeks BEFORE your birthday—but send for it now!)

FREE! BIRTHDAY REMINDER KIT

SEND COUPON NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
402 Union Street, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.

Please send me... arrive about 2 weeks before my birthday—your special "Birthday Reminders" Kit—with complete directions how to use "Reminders" to help me get a Daisy for my birthday. I enclose 1c in stamps (U.S. Postage Stamp or Stamp day) to help cover cost in handling and mailing the "Reminders" to me.

Month of Birthday _____ Day of Month _____ Present Age _____

MY NAME _____

STREET & NO. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

P.S. 3c IN STAMPS INSIDE ENVELOPE WITH THIS COUPON below required.



BE A FRONTIERSMAN CARRY DAISY'S New LIGHTNING LOADER Carbine

Old Scouts and Frontiersmen carried the same style CARBINE Daisy now offers you! Be a Frontiersman—buy this handy, over-shooting 500-shot repeating CARBINE—the fastest-loading air rifle ever! Enjoy these special features:

- 1) Lightning Loader Shot Magazine Invention lets you load a full tube of Bullets in just 5 seconds.
- 2) 500-Shot Repeater—Cock and shoot 500 times without reloading \$1.75
- 3) Single Shot—Loads only one shot at a time \$1.25
- 4) Break Action Single Shot—a genuine Daisy. Ideal for smaller boys \$1.00

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT
Buy Daisy Bulls Eye Shot for use in the new Lightning-Loader CARBINE and ALL Air Rifles. This uniform quality "Bulls-Eye" shot is especially made for accurate shooting. Inset on DAISY BULLS EYE At Your Dealer.

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